THE LIBRARY

COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE

2.158

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T3-BPX-121

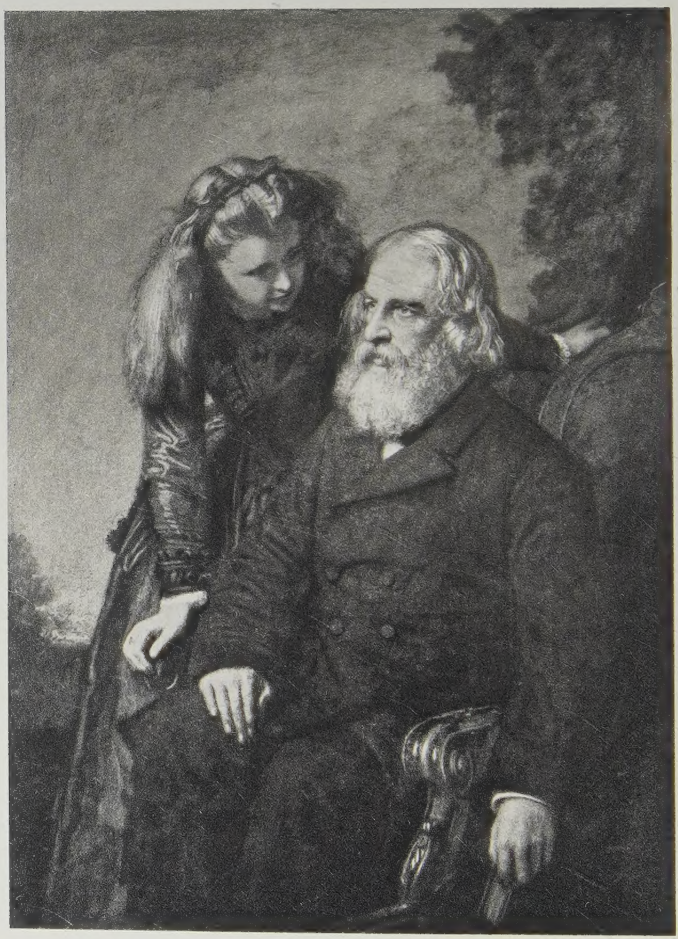
Craigie Edition

THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH PORTRAITS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VI



Mr. Longfellow and his daughter in 1869

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

POETICAL WORKS

IN SIX VOLUMES

VI

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TRANSLATIONS

THE LIBRARY
COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, N. H.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

PS
2250
1901
V.6

COPYRIGHT 1866, 1872, 1873, AND 1878
BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
COPYRIGHT 1882, 1883, 1894, 1900, AND 1901
BY ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW
COPYRIGHT 1886 AND 1904 BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

24208

CONTENTS

MICHAEL ANGELO: A FRAGMENT

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 3
DEDICATION 13
PART FIRST
I. PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA 15
MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDGMENT . 24
II. SAN SILVESTRO 27
III. CARDINAL IPPOLITO 32
IV. BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES . 46
V. VITTORIA COLONNA 57
PART SECOND
I. MONOLOGUE 70
II. VITERBO 73
III. MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI 75
IV. FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO . . . 85
V. PALAZZO BELVEDERE 98
VI. PALAZZO CESARINI 106
PART THIRD
I. MONOLOGUE 112
II. VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO 114
III. BINDO ALTOVITI 125
IV. IN THE COLISEUM 128
V. MACELLO DE' CORVI 133

CONTENTS

VI. MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO . . . 148
VII. THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA . . 152
VIII. THE DEAD CHRIST 158

TRANSLATIONS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 165
PRELUDE 174
FROM THE SPANISH
COPLAS DE MANRIQUE 175
SONNETS
I. THE GOOD SHEPHERD 195
II. TO-MORROW 196
III. THE NATIVE LAND 197
IV. THE IMAGE OF GOD 198
V. THE BROOK 199
ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS
I. RIO VERDE, RIO VERDE . . . 200
II. DON NUNO, COUNT OF LARA . . 201
III. THE PEASANT LEAVES HIS PLOUGH AFIELD 202
VIDA DE SAN MILLAN 204
SAN MIGUEL THE CONVENT 207
SONG: SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE . 209
SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK . . . 210
FROM THE CANCIONEROS
I. EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO TRISTFUL 211
II. SOME DAY, SOME DAY 212
III. COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT FLYING 213
IV. GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE HAND BARE 214

CONTENTS

FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 215

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA

I. FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD . . . 219

II. A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE . . . 222

III. FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION . . . 223

IV. FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL 227

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER . 228

KING CHRISTIAN 252

THE ELECTED KNIGHT 254

CHILDHOOD 256

FROM THE GERMAN

THE HAPPIEST LAND 258

THE WAVE 260

THE DEAD 260

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP 261

WHITHER? 263

BEWARE! 264

SONG OF THE BELL 266

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA 267

THE BLACK KNIGHT 269

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND 271

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL 273

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR 275

THE HEMLOCK TREE 277

ANNIE OF THARAW 278

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR 280

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL . . . 281

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS 282

CONTENTS

POETIC APHORISMS 283
SILENT LOVE 285
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD 286
WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS 287
REMORSE 288
FORSAKEN 289
ALLAH 290

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

THE GRAVE 291
BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT . . 293
THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY 297

FROM THE FRENCH

SONG: HARK! HARK! 300
SONG: AND WHITHER GOEST THOU, GENTLE SIGH 301
THE RETURN OF SPRING 302
SPRING 303
THE CHILD ASLEEP 304
DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN . . . 305
THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLÈ . . 307
A CHRISTMAS CAROL 321
CONSOLATION 323
TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU 324
THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD 325
ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES . 327
TO MY BOOKLET 329
BARRÉGES 330
WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS COME BACK AGAIN? 331

CONTENTS

AT LA CHAUDEAU 332
A QUIET LIFE 333
THE WINE OF JURANÇON 334
FRIAR LUBIN 335
RONDEL 336
MY SECRET 337

FROM THE ITALIAN

THE CELESTIAL PILOT 338
THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE 341
BEATRICE 343
TO ITALY 347
SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE
I. THE ARTIST 348
II. FIRE 349
III. YOUTH AND AGE 349
IV. OLD AGE 350
V. TO VITTORIA COLONNA . . . 351
VI. TO VITTORIA COLONNA 351
VII. DANTE 352
VIII. CANZONE 353
THE NATURE OF LOVE 353

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

SONG: IF THOU ART SLEEPING, MAIDEN . 355

FROM EASTERN SOURCES

THE FUGITIVE 356
THE SIEGE OF KAZAN 360
THE BOY AND THE BROOK 361
TO THE STORK 362

CONTENTS

FROM THE LATIN

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE 364

OVID IN EXILE 370

APPENDIX

I. SCENES OMITTED FROM MICHAEL ANGELO 383

II. UNACKNOWLEDGED AND UNCOLLECTED TRANSLATIONS 429

Let me go Warm 429

The Nativity of Christ 431

The Assumption of the Virgin 432

The Disembodied Spirit 433

Ideal Beauty 434

The Lover's Complaint 435

Art and Nature 436

The Two Harvests 437

Clear Honor of the Liquid Element . . . 438

Praise of Little Women 439

Milagros de Nuestra Señora 441

Song of the Rhine 443

Elegy written in the Ruins of an Old Castle . . 444

The Stars 447

Rondel 448

The Banks of the Cher 449

To the Forest of Gastine 452

Fontenay 453

Pray for Me 455

Vire 456

CONTENTS

A Florentine Song 459
A Neapolitan Canzonet 460
Christmas Carol 460
A Soldier's Song 461
Tell me, tell me, thou pretty Bee . . . 462
Sicilian Canzonet 463
The Gleaner of Sapri 464
III. NOTES TO THE POEMS IN THIS VOLUME 466
IV. A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS 486
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 499
INDEX OF TITLES 513

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW AND HIS DAUGHTER IN 1869 — Frontispiece

From a painting in the possession of the family, made in Rome by G. P. A. Healy

MICHAEL ANGELO

MICHAEL ANGELO	*Paul M. Bartlett*	16
"WELCOME, MAESTRO"	*F. D. Millet*	28
ROME	*Sidney L. Smith*	76
"HOW MEAN OUR WORK IS"	*F. D. Millet*	132
THE PIETÀ	*Michael Angelo*	158
BEWARE	*Henry Hutt*	264

MICHAEL ANGELO

A FRAGMENT

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

On the day when Mr. Longfellow recorded the completion of "Judas Maccabæus" he added, "A new subject comes to my mind." This was no doubt the subject of "Michael Angelo;" two months later he wrote: "February 26, 1872. I have more definitely conceived the idea of a dramatic poem on Michael Angelo, which has been vaguely hovering in my thoughts for some time. Can I accomplish it?" The next day he took up Hermann Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo" "a most interesting and charmingly written book," and successive entries indicate the progress of the work both in preparation and in execution.

"March 2. Read in Vasari and Benvenuto Cellini and Mrs. Jameson's 'Lives of the Italian Painters,' and live in Italy in spirit while my poor body suffers here with a dismal cold.

"March 4. Reading and making notes for 'Michael Angelo.' The subject attracts me, but it is difficult to treat dramatically for want of unity of action and plot in general.

"March 15. The last ten days have been filled with 'Michael Angelo.' I have made many notes, and written one act and sketched others. . . . I shall

have as hard a time in casting this statue as Benvenuto had in casting his Perseus; but I am in no hurry. I want it for a long and delightful occupation. I have written the close or 'Epilogue.'

"March 17. Have Condivi's 'Life of Michael Angelo,' also Harford's.

"May 18. Finished 'Santa Anna dei Funari' in 'Michael Angelo,' and that finishes the poem, the third part being already written. So the poem in its first form is complete. But other scenes will be intercalated. I began it March 6."

Completed, however, the poem never was. Its author kept it by him, occasionally touching it, writing new scenes, rejecting portions, and seemingly reluctant to have it leave his desk. He wrote upon the first page "A Fragment," and a fragment it remains, even though it has the smoothness and apparent roundness of a finished work. It is possible also that in calling it a fragment Mr. Longfellow had in mind the fact that the time of the poem embraced but a small fraction of the artist's life, and this consideration may have led him to throw aside the concluding scene of Michael Angelo's death-bed as indicating too positive and final a close. It is certain that there is but slight attempt at the development of a drama, with its crises and dénouement; the form adopted was that of a dramatic poem which permitted expansion and contraction

within the natural limits of three major parts, and depended for its value in construction upon the skilful selection of scenes, chronological in their sequence, and yet indicative of the relations subsisting between the principal characters introduced.

The material upon which Mr. Longfellow relied appears in the extracts from his diary given above. He also consulted Gotti, whose book, prepared after the Buonarotti papers had been given to the public, was published after the poem had been substantially completed and lay subject to revision. The notes at the end of this volume point out some of the more interesting indications of the manner in which the authorities used were made to contribute to the realism of the poem. It was the poet's intention at one time to insert in the poem translations of some of the sonnets and other verses of Michael Angelo, and to this he refers in his "Dedication" when he says:

> Flowers of song have thrust
> Their roots among the loose disjointed stones.

These translations with one exception he withdrew and published instead in the volume entitled "Kéramos and Other Poems;" they may be found in their place in the present volume. Another intimation of the connection of his poetry with this study appears in the poem "Vittoria Colonna," written in 1877, and pub-

lished in "Flight the Fifth" of "Birds of Passage."

"Michael Angelo" was found in the poet's desk after his death, and while in one or two instances some doubt arose as to Mr. Longfellow's final choice of alternative scenes, it was reasonably clear what his latest decision was as to the sequence and form of the poem. It was printed accordingly, first in the "Atlantic Monthly" for January, February, and March, 1883, and afterward in the fall of that year, as an elaborately illustrated volume.

The interest which attaches to "Michael Angelo" apart from the serene quality of the verse is in the relation which its author held to it. "I want it," he said, "for a long and delightful occupation," and he treated himself to the luxury of keeping the work by him, brooding over it, shaping it anew, adding, changing, discarding.

> Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones,

he says in his "Dedication," and it may easily be believed that with no great scheme of verse haunting him, with no sense of incompleted plans, he would linger in the twilight of his poetic life over the strong figure of the artist thus called up before him, and be kindled with a new poetic glow as he contemplated the great artist. For Michael Angelo in the poem is the

virile character of the robust Italian seen in a softened, mellow light. We are probably not far astray when we say that Mr. Longfellow, in building this poem and reflecting upon it during the last ten years of his life, was more distinctly declaring his artistic creed than in any other of his works, and that the discussions which take place in the poem, more especially Michael Angelo's utterances on plastic or graphic art, had a peculiar interest for him as bearing upon analogous doctrines of poetic art.

This is not the place for an elucidation of this theme, since the editor has throughout his work refrained from any critical exegesis of Mr. Longfellow's work, but so much may be permitted him to say in part explanation of his course in printing the poem in the form which follows. For the student would not see this point so clearly without having before him Mr. Longfellow's work as it was discovered in his workshop. Moreover, justice to the poet seems to require that the process of poetical construction should be shown more clearly than in other cases. The final form which any one of his longer works took was not determined until the book had left the printer's hands, for his labor upon it continued up to the last moment. Frequent illustrations of this will have occurred to the reader who has followed

Mr. Longfellow's literary career as illustrated in the notes to this edition. It is not possible to say, therefore, what might have been the final form of "Michael Angelo" had its author chosen to put it into type instead of leaving it in his desk.

For these reasons it has been thought best to print the poem in such a form as to show most clearly to the eye the actual condition in which Mr. Longfellow left it. The poem in what appears to be the ultimate form is printed in the customary type of the edition, but those passages which were from time to time added to the first draft are enclosed in brackets. It should be observed that in consequence of these changes back and forth by the poet, a strict interpretation of the brackets sometimes discloses imperfect lines; it was not possible always to show how these imperfections disappeared in the duplications and erasures of the manuscript. Beneath, in smaller type, are set the passages which were discarded in the final arrangement, but which the poet kept with his manuscript, unerased. Those passages and lines, however, which were marked out have been regarded as absolutely rejected and forming no part of the poem. It may be conjectured that the former class contained alternative passages which the poet might ultimately have restored. In the Appendix are placed those full scenes

or large portions of scenes which were either entirely discarded or made finally to have a different presentation.

Mr. Longfellow wrote with his authorities at hand and with evident intention of noting carefully dates and historic sequences. He jotted down these points on the wrappers which enclosed the several scenes; he was in the habit also of placing the date of composition before or after a scene, and occasionally he made other memoranda. A poem to be read suffers from being presented with so much paraphernalia, but the circumstances seem to justify this mode of treatment. By this means can the student be taken into the poet's study, when the poet has left it.

MICHAEL ANĠELO

A FRAGMENT

Michel piu che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista
Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, Par. xiii. st. 77.

DEDICATION

Nothing that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

November 8, 1872.]

PART FIRST

I

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA

WILL you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

JULIA

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.
You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA

[1] The old castle

[1] Why return
To that forlorn and solitary place,
Of old the haunt of migratory ships,
Now unfrequented, like the breeding-ground
Of sea-fowls that are flown, and given over
To fever and malaria?

Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking
But yesterday how like and how unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed
A father to you rather than a husband,
Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower
And promise of his youth, was taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,
Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love
Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.
Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;
But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,
Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA

Behold this locket. This is the white hair
Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,
This amaranth, and beneath it the device,
Non moritura. Thus my heart remains
True to his memory; and the ancient castle,
Where we have lived together, where he died,
Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA

Let your heart

Michael Angelo

Find, if it can, some poor apology
For one who is too young, and feels too keenly
The joy of life, to give up all her days
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true
To the remembrance of the man I loved
And mourn for still, I do not make a show
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded
[And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive forth
In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,
As if I were a corpse.[1] Ah, one to-day
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.]

VITTORIA

Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies
As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

JULIA

A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.
You have at Naples your Fra Bernardino;
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA

Only a vanity.

JULIA

He painted yours.

[1] For fear the world
Should comment on the life I lead,' and say
I never loved my husband.

VITTORIA

Do not call up to me those days departed,
When I was young, and all was bright about me,
And the vicissitudes of life were things
But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or mine
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,
And now, grown older, I look back and see
They were illusions.

JULIA

Yet without illusions
What would our lives become, what we ourselves?
Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things.

VITTORIA

[1] Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA

[2] For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we live in
Comes before that which is to be hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

[1] I will not preach to you,
For preaching is Fra Bernardino's office,
And he would tell.

[2] Fra Bernardino,
I do not question, is a saintly man,
And saintly are his teachings.

VITTORIA

But in what way?

JULIA

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world
Answer the question.

VITTORIA

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA

For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA

For him?

JULIA

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adoration
Should be elsewhere directed.

[JULIA

You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA]

I have heard
Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,
And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long retinue
Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this the way
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA

He is so young;
Hardly of age, or little more than that;
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a player
On many instruments. In Rome, his palace

Is the asylum of all men distinguished
In art or science, and all Florentines
Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA

I have seen his portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have painted it
In brighter colors.

JULIA

And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA

And so counterfeits
Saint Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA

Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA

You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,

Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA

You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in colors
Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also
Against the dangers that beset your path;
But I forbear.

[VITTORIA

If I were made of marble,
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
He might admire me: being but flesh and blood,
I am no more to him than other women;
That is, am nothing.

JULIA

Does he ride through Rome
Upon his little mule, as he was wont,
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,
As when I saw him last?]

VITTORIA

Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun
Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,
And changes Capri to a purple cloud!

And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,
And the great city stretched upon the shore
As in a dream!

JULIA

Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA

And yon long line of lights, those sunlit windows
Blaze like the torches carried in procession
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it!
My feet are weary, pacing up and down
These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts
Treading the broken pavement of the Past.
It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA

I will go with you; for I would not lose
One hour of your dear presence. 'T is enough
Only to be in the same room with you.
I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak;
If I but see you, I am satisfied.[1]

They go in.

March 19, 1872.]

[1] See Appendix.

MICHAEL ANGELO

MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDGMENT

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome
To do this work, that they must needs seek me?
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it,
But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,
Press down his lids; and so the burden falls
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
[That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and leave my own;
But having once begun, I turn not back.]
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets
To the four corners of the earth, and wake
The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,
Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with
death,

As men who suddenly aroused from sleep
Look round amazed, and know not where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the work we do
Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how different is it
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
When all the wisdom of the world appears
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.
What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
That I have drawn her face among the angels,
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,
That through the vacant chambers of my heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?
['T is said that Emperors write their names in green
When under age, but when of age in purple.
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards
In the imperial purple of our blood.
First love or last love, — which of these two passions
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,
The star of morning, or the evening star?
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?]
The hour when we look forth to the unknown,
And the advancing day consumes the shadows,

Or that when all the landscape of our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance
Is like Laocoön's, full of pain? whose forehead
Is a ploughed harvest-field, where threescore years
Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish?
To me, the artisan, to whom all women
Have been as if they were not, or at most
A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?
I am too old for love; I am too old
To flatter and delude myself with visions
Of never-ending friendship with fair women,
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot be take shape,
And seem to be, and for the moment are.

Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud the bells,
Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,
Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves
In their dim cloisters. The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
I will go forth and breathe the air awhile.

November 27, 1873.

II

SAN SILVESTRO

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Ca. allo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, *and othe .*

VITTORIA

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*at the door*)

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears!
Diana or Madonna, which I know not,
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair!

VITTORIA

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you

MICHAEL ANGELO

I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA

It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.]
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO

'T is the abuse of them, and not the use,
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO

The use or the abuse,
It matters not. Let them all go together,

"Welcome, Maestro"

As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA

That may be,
But something of politeness would go with them;
We should lose something of the stately manners
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA

But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.
It was to counsel me. His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,
To build a convent in this neighborhood,
Where the old tower is standing, from whose top
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA

I am doubtful
How I shall build; how large to make the convent,
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah, to build, to build!

That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming
A something it is not, surpasses them
As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,
Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost
Writhing in pain; and as it tore away
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands
This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.
If God should give me power in my old age
To build for Him a temple half as grand
As those were in their glory, I should count
My age more excellent than youth itself,
And all that I have hitherto accomplished
As only vanity.

VITTORIA

[I understand you.
Art is the gift of God, and must be used
Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this. When Saint Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they won

The race at Gaza, for his benediction
O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted
That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art
Which bears the consecration and the seal
Of holiness upon it will prevail
Over all others.] Those few words of yours
Inspire me with new confidence to build.
What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,
Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO

If strong enough.

VITTORIA

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,
And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,
We may together view the site.

VITTORIA

I thank you.
I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of,
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.
I am too old to change.[1]

III

CARDINAL IPPOLITO

Scene I. — *A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of* Cardinal Ippolito. *Night.*

Jacopo Nardi (*an old man, alone*).

NARDI

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,
In strange attire; these endless antechambers;
This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors,
Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling
Of a disciple of that lowly Man
Who had not where to lay his head? These statues
Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna,
This lovely face, that with such tender eyes
Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.
My heart begins to fail me. What can he
Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome
Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,
Her people, her Republic? Ah, the rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors
Are open to them, and all hands extended.
The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked

[1] See Appendix.

All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

Scene II. — Jacopo Nardi; Cardinal Ippolito, *in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO

I pray you pardon me if I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI

I wait to see

The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO

I am the Cardinal;

And you?

NARDI

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO

You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

[NARDI

'T was his son

That brought me to your door.

24208
THE LIBRARY
COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, N. H.

IPPOLITO

Pray you, be seated.]
You seem astonished at the garb I wear,
But at my time of life, and with my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed
Like an old dowager. [It were putting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets
As old as Priam.]

NARDI

Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO

Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I have read
Your excellent translation of the books
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you honor;
But greater honor still the love you bear
To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI

Your Eminence will pardon
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO

The hours I count not

As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,
That tells the time as well by night as day.
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI

And her woes.

IPPOLITO

The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives
And reigns.

NARDI

Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO

When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI

He walks the streets at night
With revellers, insulting honest men.
No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents
Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor
Of woman and all ancient pious customs
Are quite forgotten now. The offices

Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the magistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.
The very memory of all honest living
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO

And worst of all his impious hand has broken
The Martinella, — our great battle-bell,
That, sounding through three centuries, has led
The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice
Should waken in their souls some memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI

What a change
Ten little years have made! We all remember
Those better days, when Niccolà Capponi,
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows
Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ
Was chosen King of Florence; and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain; and in his stead
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;
Florence and France! But I say Florence only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI

Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has betrothed
His daughter Margaret [1] to this shameless Duke.
What hope have we from such an Emperor?

IPPOLITO

Baccio Valori and Philippo Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,
Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI

We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO

The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the Algerines,
And has no time to listen to complaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,
But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet
Dante da Castiglione and some others,
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,

[1] a little girl
Of fourteen years unto

And then take ship at Gaëta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

NARDI (*rising*)

It is an inspiration, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power that sends it
Bless our beloved country, and restore
Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence
Is now outside its gates. What lies within
Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.
Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,
For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO

Good-night!

March 27, 1872.]

Scene III. — Cardinal Ippolito; Fra Sebastiano; *Turkish attendants.*

IPPOLITO

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence
Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine
Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO

As we passed each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO

Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO

Who is he?

IPPOLITO

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
One of the Fuorusciti, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold a man
Who lives in an ideal world, apart
From all the rude collisions of our life,
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the life
Of artists as I know it, you might think
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO

But wherefore should I jest?
The world of art is an ideal world, —
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO

In church, this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO

You amaze me.
Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO

Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,
[Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,]
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place;
There 's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO

There 's something wrong
In everything. We cannot make the world
Go right. 'T is not my business to reform
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO

Nor mine, thank Heaven!
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Naming one

I name them all; for there is only one:
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.
All art and artists of the present day
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO

You count yourself as nothing?

FRA SEBASTIANO

Or less than nothing, since I am at best
Only a portrait-painter; one who draws
With greater or less skill, as best he may,
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO

And you have had
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying
Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as nothing
A privilege like that? See there the portrait
Rebuking you with its divine expression.
Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand
Painted that lovely picture has not right
To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.
But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO

But lately
Strolling together down the crowded Corso,
We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence
Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,
Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover

Of all things beautiful, and especially
When they are Arab horses, much admired,
And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO (*to an attendant*)

Hassan, to-morrow,
When I am gone, but not till I am gone,—
Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa
To Messer Michael Angelo the sculptor,
Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,
Near to the Capitol; and take besides
Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say
Your master sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo
Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO

You think him like
Thymœtes, who received the wooden horse
Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil
Have I translated in Italian verse,
And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it,
Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy
I am reminded of another town
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess
Julia Gonzaga. [You remember, surely,
The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,
And all that followed?

FRA SEBASTIANO

A most strange adventure;
A tale as marvellous and full of wonder
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;
Almost incredible!][1]

IPPOLITO

Were I a painter
I should not want a better theme than that:
The lovely lady fleeing through the night
In wild disorder; and the brigands' camp
With the red firelight on their swarthy faces.
Could you not paint it for me?

FRA SEBASTIANO

No, not I.
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO

Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when we bring him
A prisoner chained to Naples; for I feel
Something like admiration for a man
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO

I will do it.
But catch the corsair first.

[1] The lines in brackets take the place of a full narrative of the adventure, which is erased, possibly because of the use which Iulia makes of it in the next scene.

IPPOLITO

You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.
'T is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription
In Arabic: *La Allah! illa Allah!* —
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO

How beautiful
In fashion and in finish! It is perfect.
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO

You like it? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO

I am not a Spaniard,
To say that it is yours and not to mean it.
I have at Itri a whole armory
Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.
[You have not been rewarded as you should be
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble
Into the scale, and make the balance equal.]
Till then suspend it in your studio;
You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO

I will keep it
In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,
The old dead city, with the old dead people;
Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,
And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound
Of convent bells. I must be gone from here;
[Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy
To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,
I must be gone from here.] To-morrow morning
I start for Itri, and go thence by sea
To join the Emperor, who is making war
Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains
The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO

An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.
Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and describe you
As Furioso and Innamorato.
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO

You must not go;
First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,
Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro, —

I like to give the whole sonorous name,
It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid, —
Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,
[And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells;
These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban
That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys
Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus
Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast]
Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even;
So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Beware! Remember that Bolsena's eels
And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO

'T was a French Pope; and then so long ago;
Who knows? — perhaps the story is not true.

March 28, 1872.

IV

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. *Night.*

JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO

The night is far advanced;

I fear to stay too late, and weary you
With these discussions.

JULIA

I have much to say.
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness
Which is the greatest privilege of friendship, —
Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO

Dear Countess,
If loyalty to friendship be a claim
Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA

Then sit again, and listen unto things
That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO

In all things I am happy to obey you,
And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us two,
I come at once unto the point, and say,
You know my outward life, my rank and fortune;
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only

To be rejected. All the world can offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,
It is not in the way of idle boasting,
But only to the better understanding
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temptations
That others yield to.

JULIA

But the inward life, —
That you know not; 't is known but to myself,
And is to me a mystery and a pain:
A soul disquieted and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that my head
Swims with the giddying whirl of life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA

Between the two
I am confused.

VALDESSO

Yet have I seen you listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA

I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.
It moves me for the moment, and I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO

Then take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA

In part I do so; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might say of me
If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am living
With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only
On certain days, for my affairs, or visits
Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO

It was then
The fear of man, and not the love of God,
That led you to this step. Why will you not
Renounce the world, and give your heart to God,[1]

JULIA

If God so commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me capable
Of doing for Him what I wish to do
As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

[1] For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

VALDESSO

The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO

We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,
As much as he did. Let us think of this,
And how we may regain it.

JULIA

Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my life,
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO

That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA

How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this perfection,
And I will follow you; for you have made
My soul enamoured with it, and I cannot
Rest satisfied until I find it out.

But lead me privately, so that the world
Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO

Now at last
I understand you fully. Then, what need
Is there for us to beat about the bush?
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA

What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not tell me?

VALDESSO

Because I rather wait for you to ask it
With your own lips.

JULIA

Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve; and with all frankness,
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO

I am content.

JULIA

Then speak.

VALDESSO

You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that come and go

Through your imagination, and would have me
Point out some royal road and lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet.
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward actions;
You would have patience, but without the rude
Occasions that require its exercise;
You would despise the world, but in such fashion
The world should not despise you in return;
Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds;
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts;
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men;
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret?

JULIA

You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

VALDESSO

This warrants me in saying

You think you can win heaven by compromise,
And not by verdict.

JULIA

You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO

Yes, in suits at law;
Not in religion. With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

JULIA

Hush, dear Valdesso;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

VALDESSO

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA

Enthusiast!
Why must you? You imperil both yourself
And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.
You have occasion now to show that virtue
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return
To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps
I shall walk in it. *Convent bells are heard.*

VALDESSO

Hark! the convent bells
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,
Since you to-night have made me your confessor,
If I so far may venture, I will warn you
Upon one point.

JULIA

What is it? Speak, I pray you,
For I have no concealments in my conduct;
All is as open as the light of day.
What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO

Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA

What is there
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,
More than in friendships that I entertain
With you and others? I ne'er sat with him
Alone at night, as I am sitting now
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO

Pardon me; the portrait
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.
Is that quite prudent?

JULIA

That is the same question
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.
I make you the same answer. That was not
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night
When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors
Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness
Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,
The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong
That in an hour like that I did not weigh
Too nicely this or that, but granted him
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

VALDESSO

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,
Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA

Farewell; but ere you go, look forth and see
How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;
The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps,
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is!

Voices in the street.

GIOVAN ANDREA

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE

Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.
Call it malaria. It was very sudden.

Julia swoons.

April 29, 1872.

V

VITTORIA COLONNA

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA

Come to my arms and to my heart once more;
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA

Name it not.
Let me forget it.

VITTORIA

I will say no more.
Let me look at you. What a joy it is
To see your face, to hear your voice again!
You bring with you a breath as of the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy days
When we were young. When did you come from
Fondi?

JULIA

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA

Ah me!
You need not speak the word; I understand you.

JULIA

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA

And you find me
But just returned from a long journey northward.
I have been staying with that noble woman,
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth
That I am eager to hear more of her
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA

You shall hear all.
But first sit down and listen patiently
While I confess myself.

JULIA

What deadly sin
Have you committed?

VITTORIA

Not a sin; a folly.
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA

Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA

To marry him?

VITTORIA

I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA

Pardon me.
Have I offended you?

VITTORIA

No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA

I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you! *A knock.*

VITTORIA

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA

By all means, stay.
The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA

I shall not speak;
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA

Come in

MICHAEL ANGELO

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA

No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine, — the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*to* JULIA)

I salute you.
'T is long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA

You are kind
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO

It is
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA

Now this is gallantry enough for one;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA

Ah yes, I know it;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your hands:
The Woman of Samaria at the Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written
Those memorable words of Alighieri,
"Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO

And now I come to add one labor more,
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA

How shall I be seated?

MICHAL ANGELO (*opening his portfolio*)

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA

I am ashamed to steal the time from you

That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.
How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO (*drawing*)

But tardily.
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
And not to be remembered as old men
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old age?

MICHAEL ANGELO

What story is it?

VITTORIA

When his sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,
For all defence, he read there to his Judges
The Tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, —
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO

'T is an illusion,
[A fabulous story, that will lead old men
Into a thousand follies and conceits.]

VITTORIA

So you may show to cavillers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA

It was of no great import; nothing more
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.
Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Not the least.

VITTORIA

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,
And yet magnificent in all his ways;
Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain reasons
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,
A partisan of Rome, and consequently
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,
Who only look and listen, are like wells
That have no water in them, deep and empty.
How could the daughter of a king of France
Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO

The men that women marry,

And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through
Each look and attitude and word and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and behavior,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach
Of mere external beauty; and in heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life.

JULIA

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA

Then the devout and honorable women
That grace her court, and make it good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
[And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;]
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA

No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni;
I fear he hardly would have comprehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Yet he wrote
The story of Griseldis. [That is something
To set down in his favor.]

VITTORIA

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,
Famous in all the universities:
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,
And in the daily round of household cares,
Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now
A favorite of the Duchess and companion
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho
Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes
That she had written, with a voice whose sadness
Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look
Into the future time, and ask myself
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA

A sad one, surely.
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season;

And these precocious intellects portend
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA

About the court were many learned men;
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,
And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,
The Duke's physician; and a pale young man,
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess
Doth much delight to talk with and to read,
For he hath written a book of Institutes
The Duchess greatly praises, [though some call it
The Koran of the heretics.]

JULIA

And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses?

VITTORIA

None; for great Ariosto is no more.
The voice that filled those halls with melody
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA

You should have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words
He spake of you.

VITTORIA

And of yourself no less,
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Of me?

VITTORIA

Have you forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.
The title is so common in our mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through every window,
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Not yet; it is not finished [1]

February 6, 1874.

[1] See Appendix.

PART SECOND

I

MONOLOGUE

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S *house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

FLED to Viterbo, the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,
Held the Pope's stirrups, as his Holiness
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,
With endless bitterness! — Among the nuns
In Santa Caterina's convent hidden,
Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder me
And keep me from my work; now graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,
And says that she will keep it: with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it.

Reading.

["Profoundly I believed that God would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ;
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.

And greatly I rejoice that you have made
The angel on the right so beautiful;
For the Archangel Michael will place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,
How can I better serve you than to pray
To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech you
To hold me altogether yours in all things."]

Well, I will write less often, or no more,
But wait her coming. No one born in Rome,
Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am born
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pavement
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves
That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,
In ages past. I feel myself exalted
To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but far more,
And most of all, because the great Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me
An inspiration. [Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.
This feeling overmasters me. I know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Forever in her presence; but I know
That I, who was the friend of solitude,
And ever was best pleased when most alone,

Now weary grow of my own company.
For the first time old age seems lonely to me.]

Opening the "Divina Commedia."

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There 's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came and he is gone. The people knew not
What manner of man was passing by their doors,
Until he passed no more; but in his vision
He saw the torments and beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

December 23, 1873.]

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,

But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,
That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.[1]

II

VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory.
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.
As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,

A pause.

[1] And yet perhaps hereafter in some island
Of the Aegean sea may be exhumed
The statue of a goddess, that shall bear
Her form and features. Let me here record
My thoughts of the great Tuscan and his song. *He writes*
November 26, 1873.

As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.

A pause.

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled
And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye winds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,

And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

March 10, 1881.

III

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI

Scene I. — Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO

A good day and a good year to the divine
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO

That is what
My father said, the first time he beheld
This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.
I come to take my leave. I start for Florence
As fast as horse can carry me. I long
To set once more upon its level flags
These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.
Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence.
The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Speak not of it!
How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached
And my head reeled, when I was working there!
I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,
Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,
[To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO

There is a charm,]
A certain something in the atmosphere,
That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Yes, malaria of the mind,
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;
The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let us sleep. I must go on
Until I die.

BENVENUTO

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Yes; whenever
I think of anything beside my work,

Rome

I think of Florence. I remember, too,
The bitter days I passed among the quarries
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
Road-building in the marshes; stupid people,
And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts
Of mountain wind, like howling Dervishes,
That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them
As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO

True, Maestro;
But that was not in Florence. You should leave
Such work to others. Sweeter memories
Cluster about you, in the pleasant city
Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO

In my waking dreams
I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,
Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower;
And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides
With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,
A splendid vision! Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
While the remoter fields and dim horizons
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet
them,
So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us. Pleasantly

Come back to me the days when, as a youth,
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,
The forms august of gods and godlike men,
And the great world of art revealed itself
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

BENVENUTO

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,
And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO

The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation to me
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,
A man punctilious and overnice,
Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,
Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,
Are better suited to a common bagnio,
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
To punish him I painted him as Mino
[And leave him there as master of ceremonies]
In the Infernal Regions. What would you
Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO

I would have killed him.

When any one insults me, if I can
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Oh, you gentlemen,
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,
Are ready with your weapons, and have all
A taste for homicide.

[BENVENUTO

I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe; when suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.
The figure vanished; and there rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Rome should be grateful to you.]

BENVENUTO

But has not been; you shall hear presently.
During the siege I served as bombardier,

There in Saint Angelo. His Holiness,
One day, was walking with his Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood above
Among my falconets. [All thought and feeling,
All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music
Of that artillery.] I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;
And firing at him with due aim and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
[The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.]
His Holiness, delighted beyond measure
With such display of gunnery, and amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me
From all the homicides I had committed
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day
I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And who absolved Pope Clement?
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,

Since by a turn of fortune he became
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO

Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO

He has grown fat and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.
He paints no more, since he was sent to Fondi
By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him
As I did, riding through the city gate,
In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,
Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.
[I think he would have frightened them alone,
For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.]

BENVENUTO

He must have looked more like a sack of meal
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,
Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO

No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO

This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it;
I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers
Say I 've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Let me see it.
A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO

That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set
By Benvenuto!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for the gifts
That God hath given you are of such a kind,

They should be put to far more noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO

The God who made me
Knows why he made me what I am,—a goldsmith.
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and consumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO

Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would not bear
From any other man. He speaks the truth.
I know my life is wasted and consumed
In vanities; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you think.
Once, when a prisoner at Saint Angelo,
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
As is the sun itself. And since that hour
There is a splendor round about my head,
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
Above my shadow on the grass. And now
I know that I am in the grace of God,
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO

None but one, —
None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.
He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO

O incorrigible!
At least, forget not the celestial vision.
Man must have something higher than himself
To think of.

BENVENUTO

That I know full well. Now listen
I have been sent for into France, where grow
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,
And carry in mine equipage the model
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
For the king's table; and here in my brain
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Do not forget the vision.

March 6, 7, 1872.]

Scene II. — Michael Angelo *sitting down again to the "Divina Commedia."*

MICHAEL ANGELO

Now in what circle of his poem sacred
Would the great Florentine have placed this man?
Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not with those
Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one
Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

March 7, 1872.]

IV

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

Scene I. — Michael Angelo; Fra Sebastiano del Piombo.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*not turning round*)

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO

Wait, for I am out of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah, my Bastiano,

If you went up and down as many stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Well, what then?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO

That was nothing.
It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly;
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in your house,
When you could live below and have a garden,
As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO

From this window I can look
On many gardens; o'er the city roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban Hills:
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO

I never
Sleep in the daytime; scarcely sleep at night;
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full speed;
Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,
With his long rapier and his short red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at such a pace?
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO

It is his nature, —
A restless spirit, that consumes itself
With useless agitations. He o'erleaps
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens. You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you
Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,
A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Not I, indeed.

I know too well what artists' suppers are.
You must excuse me.

[FRA SEBASTIANO

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your incessant work;
Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.'

MICHAEL ANGELO

To me, what you and other men call pleasure
Is only pain. Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water, — nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life
Grow precious now, when only few remain.
I cannot go.]

FRA SEBASTIANO

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO

That is another reason for not going.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy:
A learned man, who speaks all languages,
And wittiest of men; who wrote a book
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter
At every page; a jovial boon-companion
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at your banquet.
Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?
And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri here,
The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO

And the dullest;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who delight
To wander down long garden walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO

I love Petrarca.
How sweetly of his absent love he sings,
When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!
"I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where Saint Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate Popes
And the corruptions of the church, till all
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he says
About the Papal seals, for that concerns
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO (*reading*)

Is this the passage?
"Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendacious;
Whereat I often redden and flash with fire!" —
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO

Vituperation; gall that might have spirted
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Name not that man!
A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni
Describes as having one foot in the brothel
And the other in the hospital; who lives
By flattering or maligning, as best serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to me
With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,
In such familiar tone that one would say
The great event already had transpired,
And he was present, and from observation
Informed me how the picture should be painted

FRA SEBASTIANO

What unassuming, unobtrusive men
These critics are! Now, to have Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind
The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO

His praises were ironical. He knows

How to use words as weapons, and to wound
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

[FRA SEBASTIANO
My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO]
It makes her look as she will look hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

[FRA SEBASTIANO]
A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO
Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO
And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

[MICHAEL ANGELO
When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven

With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO

And how soon they fade!
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted
Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is Nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.]

MICHAEL ANGELO

Do not revive again the old dispute;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

[FRA SEBASTIANO

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO]

But that is past. Now I am angry with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Why should I paint? Why should I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

[FRA SEBASTIANO

I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.]
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;
But who to-day would know that he had lived,
If he had never made those gates of bronze
In the old Baptistery, — those gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO

But why should I fatigue myself? I think
That all things it is possible to paint
Have been already painted; and if not,
Why, there are painters in the world at present
Who can accomplish more in two short months
Than I could in two years; so it is well
That some one is contented to do nothing,
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO

O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people call you
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Misericordia!
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp
The words you speak, because the heart within you
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO

How changed you are
From the Sebastiano I once knew,
When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,

You strove in rivalry with Baldassare
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Raphael is dead;
He is but dust and ashes in his grave,
While I am living and enjoying life,
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Raphael is not dead;
[He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?
He only drank the precious wine of youth,
The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage
Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.
The gods have given him sleep.] We never were
Nor could be foes, although our followers,
Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,
Have striven to make us so; but each one worked
Unconsciously upon the other's thought,
Both giving and receiving. He perchance
Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness
And tenderness from his more gentle nature.
I have but words of praise and admiration
For his great genius; and the world is fairer
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO

We at least are friends;
So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO

No, no; I am best pleased
When I 'm not asked to banquets. [I have reached
A time of life when daily walks are shortened,
And even the houses of our dearest friends,
That used to be so near, seem far away.]

FRA SEBASTIANO

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh
At those who toil for fame, and make their lives
A tedious martyrdom, that they may live
A little longer in the mouths of men!
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

Scene II. — Michael Angelo *(returning to his work)*

MICHAEL ANGELO

How will men speak of me when I am gone,
When all this colorless, sad life is ended,
And I am dust? They will remember only
The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,
The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,
And never dream that underneath them all
There was a woman's heart of tenderness;
They will not know the secret of my life,
Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted
In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive

Some little space in memories of men!
Each one performs his lifework, and then leaves it;
Those that come after him will estimate
His influence on the age in which he lived.[1]
March 10, 1872.]

V

PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN's *studio*. *A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it*. TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, *and* GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO

There are things in Rome
That one might walk barefooted here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.

[1] See Appendix.

TITIAN

I must confess that these majestic ruins
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I felt so once ; but I have grown familiar
With desolation, and it has become
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN

I could not live here. I must have the sea,
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven
Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows
The laughter of the waves, and at my door
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[Then tell me of your city in the sea,
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,]
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — "The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO

When you two
Are gone, who is there that remains behind
To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO

Oh, there are many hands upraised already
To clutch at such a prize, and hardly wait
For death to loose your grasp, — a hundred of them:
Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them,
Or measure their ambition?

[TITIAN

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours,
And fashion it far otherwise.]

MICHAEL ANGELO

I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.
But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise
That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO

These are good tidings; for I sometimes fear
That, when we die, with us all art will die.
'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide
Others to take our places. I rejoice
To see the young spring forward in the race,
Eager as we were, and as full of hope
And the sublime audacity of youth.

[TITIAN

Men die and are forgotten. The great world
Goes on the same. Among the myriads
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
What is a single life, or thine or mine,
That we should think all Nature would stand still
If we were gone? We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO]

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN (*drawing back the curtain*)

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.
[Nature reveals herself in all our arts.

The pavements and the palaces of cities
Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.
Red lavas from the Euganean quarries
Of Padua pave your streets; your palaces
Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam
Reflected in your waters and your pictures.
And thus the works of every artist show
Something of his surroundings and his habits.
The uttermost that can be reached by color]
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
Mingled together. Never yet was flesh
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
With such divine perfection.

TITIAN

I am grateful
For so much praise from you, who are a master;
While mostly those who praise and those who blame
Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly
Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like
censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
Fascinates me the more that in myself
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese
Have made me umpire in dispute between them
Which is the greater of the sister arts,
Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,
And whosoever would attain to it,
Whichever path he take, will find that goal
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO

No doubt, no doubt;
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO

When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede
That painting has attained its uttermost;
But in the presence of my sculptured figures
I feel that my conception soars beyond
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said

That I account that painting as the best
Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us
We have the proof. Behold these rounded limbs!
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

TITIAN

Signori, pardon me; but all such questions
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*to* GIORGIO, *going out*)

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

January 14, 1874.]

VI

PALAZZO CESARINI

Scene I. — Vittoria Colonna, *seated in an armchair;* Julia Gonzaga, *standing near her.*

JULIA

It grieves me that I find you still so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA

No, not suffering; only dying.
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite, —
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA

Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA (*folding her hands*)

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who living for the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not mourn

For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. A little longer
Have patience with me, and if I am wanting
To thy well-being as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee ere long.

JULIA

Do not give way to these foreboding thoughts.

VITTORIA

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold
What change comes o'er our features when we die.
Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.]
How glad I am that you have come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you.

JULIA

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA

Always, and most of all to-day and now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle terrace
At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

JULIA

Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal that has never been,
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA

Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many things have happened
In those ten years, and many friends have died:
Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech:
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA

Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.
Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA

Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has departed,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds
That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata
Banished from court because of this new doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA

I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

VITTÒRIA

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA

Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table,
Beside the casket there. Read where you find
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off
reading.

JULIA (*reads*)

"Not as a flame that by some force is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows
That without wind on some fair hilltop lies,
Her weary body seemed to find repose.
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
When now the spirit was no longer there,
Was what is dying called by the unwise.
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair."

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking? —
She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;
Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something
Above her in the air. I can see naught
Except the painted angels on the ceiling.
Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me! —
She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

The mirror falls and breaks.

VITTORIA

Call my confessor! —
Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
Pescara! my Pescara! *Dies.*

JULIA

Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together, — she is dead!

Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.

December 8, 1873.]

Scene II. — Julia Gonzaga, Michael Angelo.

JULIA

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO

How is she?

JULIA

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Then she is dead!

JULIA

Alas! yes, she is dead!
Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

[MICHAEL ANGELO

How wonderful! The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! [1]

Kisses Vittoria's hand.

December 13, 1873.]

[1] I dare not linger more; I am ashamed
To stand thus gazing here upon her face,
She being all unconscious of my presence.
Farewell, Vittoria, wonder of the world!
Thou pattern of all perfect womanhood,
Farewell forever! I am girt about
With death, from whom there can be no escape,
Nor hiding-place! Inexorable Death!

Raises Vittoria's hand and kisses it.

PART THIRD

I

MONOLOGUE

Macello de' Corvi. A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S *house.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *standing before a model of Saint Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

BETTER than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of Saint Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond the color
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?
I must then the short-coming of my means

Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short sword.

A pause.

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light
Gone out? that sunshine darkened? all that music
And merriment, that used to make our lives
Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence
Like madrigals sung in the street at night
By passing revellers? [It is strange indeed
That he should die before me. 'T is against
The laws of Nature that the young should die,
And the old live; unless it be that some
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,
Because not buried.] Well, what matters it,
Since now that greater light, that was my sun,
Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!
Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,
And, like a ruined wall, the world around me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts
Are now my sole companions, — thoughts of her,
That like a benediction from the skies
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
When men are old, the incessant thought of Death
Follows them like their shadow; sits with them
At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;
And when they wake already is awake,
And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly
It is in us to make an enemy
Of this importunate follower, not a friend!
To me a friend, and not an enemy,
Has he become since all my friends are dead.

II

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

SCENE I. — POPE JULIUS III. *seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.*

JULIUS

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,
You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
With Michael Angelo? What has he done,
Or left undone, that ye are set against him?
When one Pope dies, another is soon made;
And I can make a dozen Cardinals,
But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI

Your Holiness, we are not set against him;
We but deplore his incapacity.
He is too old.

JULIUS

You, Cardinal Salviati,
Are an old man. Are you incapable?
'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO

Your Holiness remembers he was charged
With the repairs upon Saint Mary's bridge;
Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on load
Of timber and travertine; and yet for years

The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it
To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS

Always Baccio Bigio!
Is there no other architect on earth?
Was it not he that sometime had in charge
The harbor of Ancona?

CARDINAL MARCELLO

Ay, the same.

JULIUS

Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio
Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbor than the sea had done
Or would do in ten years. And him you think
To put in place of Michael Angelo,
In building the Basilica of Saint Peter!
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers
His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO

He does not build; he but demolishes
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO

But time passes;
Year after year goes by, and yet the work

Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS

I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

March 16, 1872.]

SCENE II. — *The same:* MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIUS

Come forward, dear Maestro. In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are banished.
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*sitting down*)

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities!

JULIUS

Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this palace
And laying out of these pleasant garden walks
Are my delight, [and if I have not asked
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest.] Here I escape from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of the city
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS

We live as hermits here; and from these heights
O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,
As far below there as Saint Mary's bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;
It is not safe.

JULIUS

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Some morning you will look for it in vain;
It will be gone. The current of the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road

With travertine. He who came after me
Removed the stone and sold it, and filled in
The space with gravel.

JULIUS

Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*aside*)

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS

Now let us come to what concerns us more
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made
Concerning the Three Chapels in Saint Peter's;
Certain supposed defects or imperfections,
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO

This is no longer
The golden age of art. Men have become
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not
In what an artist does, but set themselves
To censure what they do not comprehend.
You will not see them bearing a Madonna
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,
But tearing down the statue of a Pope
To cast it into cannon. Who are they
That bring complaints against me?

JULIUS

Deputies
Of the Commissioners; and they complain
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.[1]

MICHAEL ANGELO

Your Holiness, the insufficient light
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.
Who are the deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*rising*)

With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of?

CARDINAL MARCELLO

We regret
You have departed from Bramante's plan,
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Since the ancient time

[1] It is the old, old story of Apelles
The Grecian painter, a rough man, as I am.
Once in his studio King Alexander
Discoursed of art with so much ignorance
That the impatient artist cried: "I pray
Your Majesty be silent, for the boys
That grind my colors are all laughing at you!"

No greater architect has lived on earth
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,
Merits all praise, and to depart from it
Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,
Building about with columns, took all light
Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places
For rogues and robbers; so that when the church
Was shut at night, not five and twenty men
Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,
That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO

Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Monsignore,
Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting
Above there are to go three other windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI

How should we know? You never told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any other
What I intend or ought to do. Your office
Is to provide the means, and see that thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The designs
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO

Sir architect,
You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely
In presence of his Holiness, and to us
Who are his Cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO *(putting on his hat)*

I do not forget
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.
I, too, am proud to give unto the Church
The labor of these hands, and what of life
Remains to me. [My father Buonarotti
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.
I am not used to have men speak to me
As if I were a mason, hired to build
A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays
So much an hour.]

CARDINAL SALVIATI *(aside)*

No wonder that Pope Clement
Never sat down in presence of this man,
Lest he should do the same; and always bade him
Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO

If any one could die of grief and shame,
I should. This labor was imposed upon me;
I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,
'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,

But for the love of God. Perhaps old age
Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;
I may be doing harm instead of good.
Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me;
Take off from me the burden of this work;
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS

Never, never,
While I am living.

[MICHAEL ANGELO

Doth your Holiness
Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the almond-tree shall flourish?

JULIUS

That is in
Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth unto his long home.
Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher; all
Is vanity.

JULIUS]

Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,

We should not want for artists. But the men
Who carry out in act their great designs
Are few in number; aye, they may be counted
Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place
Is at Saint Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great conception,
And put it into act.

JULIUS

Then who can do it?
You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my shoulders
A little longer. [If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and will leave
The building of the church to me, the work
Will go on better for it.] Holy Father,
If all the labors that I have endured,
And shall endure, advantage not my soul,
I am but losing time.

JULIUS (*laying his hands on* MICHAEL ANGELO'S *shoulders*)

You will be gainer
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[Not events
Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions
I draw from these events; the sure decline
Of art, and all the meaning of that word;
All that embellishes and sweetens life,
And lifts it from the level of low cares
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty;
The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration
That made the canons of the church of Seville
Say, "Let us build, so that all men hereafter
Will say that we were madmen."] Holy Father,
I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS

Go; and my benediction be upon you.

Scene III. — Pope Julius *and the* Cardinals.

JULIUS

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a common mason.
He comes of noble blood, and for his crest
Bears two bull's horns; and he has given us proof
That he can toss with them. From this day forth
Unto the end of time, let no man utter
The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.
All great achievements are the natural fruits
Of a great character. As trees bear not
Their fruits of the same size and quality,
But each one in its kind with equal ease,

So are great deeds as natural to great men
As mean things are to small ones. By his work
We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

March 18, 1872.]

III

BINDO ALTOVITI

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, *standing at the door of his house.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *passing.*

BINDO

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

BINDO

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO

The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel at your door, —
The air of this delicious summer morning.
What news have you from Florence?

BINDO

Nothing new;
The same old tale of violence and wrong.
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,
When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,

Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,
Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people,
Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,
Hope is no more, and liberty no more.
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Florence is dead : her houses are but tombs ;
Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO

Ah, yes ; and often I repeat the words
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo :
" Grateful to me is sleep ; to be of stone
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure ;
To see not, feel not, is a benediction ;
Therefore awake me not ; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely attributes
That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet

Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO

I say no news from Florence: I am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here your house
Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master
That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece!
It pleases me as much, and even more,
Than the antiques about it; and yet they
Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it
By far too high. The light comes from below,

And injures the expression. Were these windows
Above and not beneath it, then indeed
It would maintain its own among these works
Of the old masters, noble as they are.
I will go in and study it more closely.
I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
With all his follies and fantastic ways,
Would show his genius in some work of art
That would amaze the world, and be a challenge
Unto all other artists of his time.

They go in.

January 26, 1874.]

IV

IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI[1]

CAVALIERI

What do you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI

You are already master,
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[Nay, I know nothing,

[1] Mr. Longfellow appears to have hesitated between the use of this character in the scene and the use of Vasari, whose name occurs in a part of the dialogue in the manuscript.

Not even my own ignorance, as some
Philosopher hath said.] I am a school-boy
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
Of the great master of antiquity
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI

Gaudentius
His name was, I remember. His reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men
Were toiling for ten years incessantly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Behold
How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,
The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn

By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold
To ornament our palaces and churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,
And to the constellations that at night
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,
With saints for petals.[1] When this rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian caps,
And all the roaring populace of Rome;
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,

[1] And the bees above it
Legions of angels.

You should have been a preacher, not a painter!
Think you that I approve such cruelties,
Because I marvel at the architects
Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches?[1]
Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider
How mean our work is, when compared with theirs!
[Look at these walls about us and above us!
They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made
A fortress, and been battered by long sieges;
The iron clamps, that held the stones together,
Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect
And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed
Out of the solid rock, and were a part
Of the foundations of the world itself.[2]]

CAVALIERI

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,
In so far as its end and aim are nobler;
And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
Its vaulted passages are made the caverns
Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts
Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A thousand wild flowers bloom
From every chink, and the birds build their nests

[1] We are but pigmies, and these ancient builders
Were Titans. Therefore let us learn of them
And not be puffed up with our vain conceit.

[2] They will be standing when this modern Rome
Shall, like a house of cards by children built,
Lie level with the ground and be forgotten.

Among the ruined arches, and suggest
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.
Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead
Into the corridors above, and study
The marvel and the mystery of that art
In which I am a pupil, not a master.

January 6, 1874.

All things must have an end; the world itself
Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.
There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched
The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas
Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss;
The forests and the fields slid off, and floated
Like wooded islands in the air. The dead
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living
Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,—
All being dead; and the fair, shining cities
Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.
Naught but the core of the great globe remained,
A skeleton of stone. And over it
The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell
Back on the empty world, that with the weight
Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged
Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck
By a great sea, throws off the waves at first
On either side, then settles and goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.[1]

September 30, 1850.]

[1] As the date indicates, this passage appears to have been taken from an earlier rendering by Mr. Longfellow and inserted by him here as apposite, and then followed by a brief addition to complete the scene.

"How mean our work is"

F.D.Millet

CAVALIERI

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Who knows? who knows?
There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.
A certain man, Copernicus by name,
Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.
What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,
Being unsubstantial images of things
As yet unseen.

V

MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI

MICHAEL ANGELO

So, Benvenuto, you return once more
To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please us for a while, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And to find him
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,
Upon the riverside.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO

What in return I did now matters not,
For there are other things, of greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,
" My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a sculptor."
Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO

It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO

What have you done that 's better?

BENVENUTO

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember
I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Dear Benvenuto,
I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO

As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,
Halfway between your David and the Judith
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had

With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,
Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent
Gorini, who came crawling round about me
Like a black spider, with his whining voice
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!
Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,
And wished a thousand times I had not left
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,
Nor thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods
They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,
And make me desperate!

MICHAEL ANGELO

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly, while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO

My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill will
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO

When anything is done
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the loss to man

If it had not been done. As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO

Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of anything,
Speaks well of this; and yet he told the Duke
That, though I cast small figures well enough,
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO

But you have done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO

And ah, that casting!
What a wild scene it was, as late at night,
A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace
With pine of Serristori, till the flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened
To send the burning roof upon our heads;
And from the garden-side the wind and rain
Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires.
I was beside myself with desperation.
A shudder came upon me, then a fever;
I thought that I was dying, and was forced
To leave the workshop, and to throw myself

Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.
And as I lay there, a deformed old man
Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,
Like one who doth exhort a criminal
Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto,
Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!"
Then with a cry so loud it might have reached
The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,
And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood
Bewildered and desponding; and I looked
Into the furnace, and beheld the mass
Half molten only, and in my despair
I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat
Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.
Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,
As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.
The covering of the furnace had been rent
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over;
So that I straightway opened all the sluices
To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,
Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen
To ransack the whole house, and bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,
And cast them one by one into the furnace
To liquefy the mass, and in a moment
The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees
And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank
And went to bed, all hearty and contented.
It was two hours before the break of day.
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A strange adventure,
That could have happened to no man alive
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO

As my workmen said
To major-domo Ricci afterward
When he inquired of them: "'T was not a man,
But an express great devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO

And the statue?

BENVENUTO

Perfect in every part, save the right foot
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.
There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;
Not a drop over, not a drop too little.
I looked upon it as a miracle
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And now I see
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO

But wherefore do I prate of this? I came
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo
Through me invites you to return to Florence,
And offers you great honors, even to make you
One of the Forty-eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO

His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence
Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights
Of happiness and freedom yet unreached
By other nations, but the climbing wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again
Back to the common level, with a hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old
To hope for better days. I will stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow
Among the broken fragments of her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers
Of other cities; and the desolate ring
Of the Campagna round about her walls
Fairer than all the villas that encircle
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.
Is Florence then a place for honest men
To flourish in? What is there to prevent
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO

Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO

He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO

'T is the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,
And with such subtle and infernal malice,
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he
Is the express great devil, and not you.
Some years ago he told me how to paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO

He says I show mankind that I am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am content,
But always see the labor of my hand
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO

I perceive
The malice of this creature. He would taint you
With heresy, and in a time like this!
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO

I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO

Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO

The heathen
Veiled their Diana with some drapery,
And when they represented Venus naked
They made her by her modest attitude
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art
That I have made the very violation
Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins
A spectacle at which all men would gaze
With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO

He is at home there, and he ought to know
What men avert their eyes from in such places;
[From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.]

MICHAEL ANGELO

But Divine Providence will never leave
The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;
And the more marvellous it is, the more
'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame!
And finally, if in this composition
I had pursued the instructions that he gave me
Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,
In that same letter, known to all the world,
Nature would not be forced, as she is now,
To feel ashamed that she invested me
With such great talent; that I stand myself
A very idol in the world of art.
[He taunts me also with the Mausoleum
Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason
That men persuaded the inane old man
It was of evil augury to build
His tomb while he was living; and he speaks
Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,
And calls it robbery; — that is what he says.]
What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO

Vanity.
He is a clever writer, and he likes
To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face
Of every honest man, as swordsmen do
Their rapiers on occasion, but to show
How skilfully they do it. Had you followed
The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,
You would have seen another style of fence.
'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish
To see his name in print. So give it not
A moment's thought; it will soon be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I will not think of it, but let it pass
For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,
As boys throw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO

And what answer
Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?
[He does not ask your labor or your service;
Only your presence in the city of Florence,
With such advice upon his work in hand
As he may ask, and you may choose to give.]

MICHAEL ANGELO

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,
And only here, the building of Saint Peter's.
What other things I hitherto have done
Have fallen from me, are no longer mine;

I have passed on beyond them, and have left them
As milestones on the way. What lies before me,
That is still mine, and while it is unfinished
No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,
By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,
Till I behold the finished dome uprise
Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO

And will you paint no more?

MICHAEL ANGELO

No more.

BENVENUTO

'T is well.
Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;
Men, women, and all animals that breathe
Are statues and not paintings. Even the plants,
The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,
And colored later. Painting is a lie,
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic

Of the three sister arts is that which builds;
The eldest of them all, to whom the others
Are but the handmaids and the servitors,
Being but imitation, not creation.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO

And no more from the marble hew those forms
That fill us all with wonder?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Many statues
Will there be room for in my work. Their station
Already is assigned them in my mind.
But things move slowly. There are hindrances,
Want of material, want of means, delays
And interruptions, endless interference
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes
And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.
But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down
Surprised by Death, that unexpected guest,
Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,
Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop
To all our occupations and designs.
And then perhaps I may go back to Florence;
This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

April 7–9, 1872.]

VI

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*pausing in his work*)

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO

Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see you
Attack the marble blocks with the same fury
As twenty years ago?

[MICHAEL ANGELO

'T is an old habit.
I must have learned it early from my nurse
At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife;
For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO]

At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Aye, because
The marble is too hard.

URBINO

It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I remember.
With it he sent me something of his making, —
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,
As if by any possibility
A messenger of the gods could have short legs.
It was no more like Mercury than you are,
But rather like those little plaster figures
That peddlers hawk about the villages
As images of saints. But luckily
For Topolino, there are many people
Who see no difference between what is best
And what is only good, or not even good;
So that poor artists stand in their esteem
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO

How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Poor Topolino!
All men are not born artists, nor will labor
E'er make them artists.

URBINO

No, no more
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have been
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Some have eyes
That see not; but in every block of marble
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly
As if it stood before me shaped and perfect
In attitude and action. I have only
To hew away the stone walls that imprison
The lovely apparition, and reveal it
To other eyes as mine already see it.
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do
When I am dead, Urbino?

URBINO

Eccellenza,
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Never!
Bitter is servitude at best. Already
So many years hast thou been serving me;
But rather as a friend than as a servant.
We have grown old together. Dost thou think
So meanly of this Michael Angelo
As to imagine he would let thee serve,
When he is free from service? Take this purse,
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO

Two thousand crowns!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Aye, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO

Oh, Master!

[MICHAEL ANGELO

I cannot have them with me on the journey
That I am undertaking. The last garment
That men will make for me will have no pockets.

URBINO (*kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO)

My generous master!]

MICHAEL ANGELO

Hush!

URBINO

My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO

Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.
Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,
Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

March 12, 1872.

VII

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

How still it is among these ancient oaks!
Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes
Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets
Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.
This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
That now inhabit this vast universe,
They and their children, and their children's children,
Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.
Through openings in the trees I see below me
The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
[Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.]
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years immured in cities,

And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.
Yonder I see the little hermitages
Dotting the mountain-side with points of light,
And here Saint Julian's convent, like a nest
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.
Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,
That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
And now, instead of these fair deities,
Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;
And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,
Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,
A brother of the monastery sits,
Lost in his meditations. What may be
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer
him? —
Good-evening, holy father.

MONK

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
Your meditations.

MONK

It was but a dream, —
The old, old dream, that never will come true;
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO

All men have dreams.
I have had mine; but none of them came true;
They were but vanity. [Sometimes I think
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
Not in possessing; for the things possessed
Lose half their value.] Tell me of your dream.

MONK

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,
While all the others bend and bow to it;
The passion that torments me, and that breathes
New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Rome?

MONK

There is but one;
The rest are merely names. I think of it
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,
And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Would it were.
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,
And I would see it once before I die.

[MICHAEL ANGELO

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK

Were it a cross
That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!]

MICHAEL ANGELO[1]

What would you see in Rome?

MONK

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?
You would but see a man of fourscore years,
With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,
Who sits at table with his friends for hours,
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews

[1] I will not undeceive him. These illusions
And fantasies inhabit cloisters only

And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery
Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO

So he calls them;
And yet in fact these bright angelic legions
Are only German Lutherans.

MONK (*crossing himself*)

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO

What further would you see?

[MONK

The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.]

MONK

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,
The feast of the Santissimo Bambino
At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see them.

[MICHAEL ANGELO

These pompous ceremonies of the Church
Are but an empty show to him who knows
The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see too much.
What would you further?

MONK

I would see the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO

The smoke of incense and of altar candles
Has blackened it already.]

MONK

Woe is me!
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A dismal dirge!
I am an old, old man, and I have lived
In Rome for thirty years and more, and know
The jarring of the wheels of that great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.
Therefore I say to you, remain content
Here in your convent, here among your woods,
Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.
[There was of old a monk of Wittenberg
Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him;
His name was Luther; and you know what followed.] *The convent bell rings.*

MONK (*rising*)

It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

December 18, 1873.]

VIII

THE DEAD CHRIST

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio.* MICHAEL ANGELO *with a light, working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

O Death, why is it I cannot portray
Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee?
Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,
As being thy disciple, not thy master?
Let him who knows not what old age is like
Have patience till it comes, and he will know.
I once had skill to fashion Life and Death
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death;
And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi
Wrote underneath my statue of the Night
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!
Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful now
Than it was then; for all my friends are dead;
And she is dead, the noblest of them all.
I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death,
Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow
Stricken her into marble; and I kissed
Her cold white hand. What was it held me back

The Pietà

From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,
Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI

GIORGIO

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not
Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO

How came you in?

GIORGIO

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ascanio
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO

Probably.
Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted door or window?
As I was passing down the street, I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO *(coming forward with the lamp)*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him of the dome
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO

We will look for it.

GIORGIO

What is the marble group that glimmers there
Behind you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Nothing, and yet everything, —
As one may take it. It is my own tomb
That I am building.

GIORGIO

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,
Refuse me not !

MICHAEL ANGELO (*letting fall the lamp*)

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,
The music silent, and the actors gone ;
And I alone sit musing on the scenes
That once have been. I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him ;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair!
So near to death, and yet so far from God.[1]

March 12, 1872.]

[1] See Appendix.

TRANSLATIONS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In accordance with the plan determined upon for this edition, the Translations are collected from the separate volumes put forth by Mr. Longfellow and rearranged here. As shown in the introductory note to "Voices of the Night," translating played an important part in the development of Mr. Longfellow's powers. Before he had begun to write those poems which at once attested his poetic calling, and while he was busying himself with study and prose expression, he was finding an outlet for his metrical thought and emotion in the translation of lyrics and pastoral verse and occasionally of epic and dramatic fragments. Tasks thus early begun passed easily into pleasant avocations, and to the end of his life he found an ever grateful occupation in recasting the foreign thought of other men in moulds of his own. The great work of translating Dante is noticed elsewhere, and the dominance which it had in his life, but it illustrates only on a large scale the relation which the poet held to modern Continental literature. As his first great discovery of himself was in the loss of himself in large study and observation in Europe, so his appropriation of

European literary art was the occasion for a fineness of literary expression quite beyond his earlier independent poetic trials. The lyrics scattered through "Hyperion" and his prose papers, and collected in his "Voices of the Night," had a quality which made them distinctively Mr. Longfellow's while still faithful rescripts of the originals, and though he now began singing his own songs, he never ceased the delight of echoing, in occasional translations, the songs of others.

It is even possible that he found in such work a gentle stimulus to his poetic faculties, and resorted to it when wishing to quicken his spirit. "I agree with you entirely," he writes to Freiligrath, November 24, 1843, "in what you say about translations. It is like running a ploughshare through the soil of one's mind; a thousand germs of thought start up (excuse this agricultural figure), which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground. Still, it sometimes seems to me like an excuse for being lazy, — like leaning on another man's shoulder."

There were, besides, two special incentives to work of this kind. In 1843 he undertook the preparation of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," which afterwards he carefully revised and supplemented in the edition published in 1871. Again, in 1874 he began the collection known as "Poems of Places," and found it necessary,

in maintaining due proportions, to translate several appropriate poems. The first considerable suggestion, however, came in connection with his literary and, so to speak, professional studies. In preparing his academic lectures and the critical papers which he contributed to the "North American Review" and other periodicals he found occasion to introduce a number of translations. When he issued "Outre-Mer" he incorporated in it a portion of this periodical work; in "Hyperion" he also placed separate lyrics. Shortly after the appearance of this last book he published "Voices of the Night," and in that repeated all the translations which he had printed in "Hyperion," as well as some which had appeared in "Outre-Mer" and in his contributions to magazines; but he omitted some which still held their place in all subsequent editions of the prose works. These are included in this section for the convenience of readers who may desire the whole body of translations in a single volume. It has also been deemed most expedient to group these translations by the several literatures from which they are derived, following in each group a chronological order of composition, as far as possible. As the first most important work in this field by Mr. Longfellow was in a translation from the Spanish, the group from the literature of Spain takes precedence.

The successive publications of "Coplas de Manrique" indicate the importance attached to it by Mr. Longfellow, and both the treatment which it received at his hands and the formal statement of his theory of translation have an interest, for the contrast which they afford to his later judgment and practice. In his article, "Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry," contributed to the "North American Review" for April, 1832, Mr. Longfellow called attention to Manrique's ode and gave a few fragments with translation. In December of the same year he contributed to Buckingham's "New England Magazine" a complete translation; he did not attach his name to it, but appended a note. "It may not be amiss to mention that a few stanzas of the above appeared in the 'North American Review' for April last; but the entire poem has never been before translated in this country." It may be noted here that Mr. Longfellow, in his study of the subject, had recourse to an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1824, on "Early Narrative and Lyrical Poetry of Spain," where fragments of the "Coplas" had been given, from which in his first version Mr. Longfellow borrowed, with acknowledgment, two lines, afterward changed for two of his own.

The next year after the appearance of the poem in the magazine, he published "Coplas

de Don Jorge Manrique. Translated from the Spanish, with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain, by Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Mod. Lang. and Lit. in Bowdoin College. Boston: Allen & Ticknor. 1833." This was Mr. Longfellow's first book, a thin volume of ninety-six pages. The essay from the "North American Review" was used as introduction; the poem was printed with the Spanish text opposite the translation, and following the "Coplas" were seven sonnets translated from the Spanish, all of which were used in review articles and in "Outre-Mer." The preface to the book, dated Bowdoin College, August 9, 1833, besides a brief notice of Don Jorge Manrique and some characterization of the poem which will be found in the head-note, contained the following remarks on the translator's task:

"The object of this little work is to place in the hands of the lovers of Spanish literature the most beautiful moral poem of that language. The original is printed with the translation, that in the estimate of those at least who are versed in the Spanish tongue the author may not suffer for the imperfections of the translator.

"The great art of translating well lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author while at the same time we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a

good translation may be sacrificed to the other — how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him, while clothing it in a new language, is a question which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye; and in order to remedy this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator. As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original, which cannot be fully represented in the less flexible material of another language, he, too, at times may be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language, and remedy the defect, as far as such a defect can be remedied, by slight and judicious embellishments.

"By this principle I have been guided in the following translations. I have rendered literally the words of the original, when it could be done without injuring their spirit; and when this could not be done, I have occasionally used the embellishment of an additional epithet, or a more forcible turn of expression. How far I have succeeded in my purpose, the reader shall determine."

It may be added that the translator did not keep to the exact metre and rhyme of the Span-

ish original, but adopted what he regarded as an equivalent stanza. He afterward adopted a much stricter rule of translation, indicated by the couplet from Spenser prefixed to his version of Dante:

> "I follow here the footing of thy feete,
> That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete."

Once more, when publishing "Outre-Mer," in 1835, Mr. Longfellow inserted the "Coplas" as a chapter in the book, but he dropped it from later editions, preferring to connect it with his poetical works, and thus the poem finally found a permanent place in the volume "Voices of the Night." The footnote readings here given are from the version printed in the separate issue of 1833.

Besides the translations preserved by Mr. Longfellow in successive volumes, there are several published in periodicals and elsewhere which are directly traceable to his pen, and are included in the Appendix to this volume, including one found among his manuscripts. As a fitting prelude to the entire series, the poem, not a translation, which was used for a similar purpose in the posthumous collection "In the Harbor," is here given at the outset.

TRANSLATIONS

PRELUDE

Written May 23, 1870.

As treasures that men seek,
Deep buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,—

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.

FROM THE SPANISH

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Ucles; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Roderigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Ucles; but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and in accordance with it, the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic. H. W. L.

Oh let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see

How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past,
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that 's told,
They pass away

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal

Line 26. In life we run the onward race,
Line 27. And reach the goal

When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Line 24. That comes to all;

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!

Line 23. The escutcheon, that without a stain,

Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

Line 27. In which we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the free-born soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,

As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,

And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But oh, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

Line 16. Eternal Providence! by thee,
Line 17. The flame of earthly majesty,
Line 19. Spain's haughty Constable, — the great
Line 20. And gallant Master, — cruel fate
Line 21. Stripped him of all;

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,

Line 2. Hamlets and villas green and fair,

O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Line 1. O death, thy stern and cruel face,
Line 19. But thy sorrows fall so fast,

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!

And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

Line 18. His the Achæan's arm; the might

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; aye, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare which of old

Line 11. Villa, and tower, and castled wall
Line 18. The conquered gave.
Line 24. His rank sustained.

'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

Line 17. He found his villas and domains

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

Line 2. His life upon one fatal throw
Line 3. Had been laid down;
Line 10. Then to Ocaña's castled rock,
Line 23. Which on the last stern battle plain
Line 24. Repeats thy name

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,

The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,

So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

SONNETS

I

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(El Buen Pastor)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

The five following sonnets are from the "Coplas de Manrique" volume, where they were printed with the Spanish text on the opposite pages. Two other sonnets in that volume, not retained when the volume was merged in "Voices of the Night," will be found in the Appendix. The two Lope de Vega sonnets are from his "Rimas Sacras."

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

Line 1. Shepherd! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Line 3. That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,
Line 9. Hear, Shepherd! — thou that for thy flock art dying,

Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting
still for me!

II

TO-MORROW

(MAÑANA)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach, and oh, to Heaven how
lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"Tomorrow."

Line 13. Soul, from thy casement look without and see

III

THE NATIVE LAND

(El Patrio Cielo)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

IV

THE IMAGE OF GOD

(La Imágen de Dios)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O Lord! who seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

Line 1. O Lord! that seest, from yon starry height,

V

THE BROOK

(Á un Arroyuelo)

ANONYMOUS

Laugh of the mountain! — lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

Line 2. Mirror of morn, and garniture of fields!
Line 3. The soul of April, that so gently yields
Line 4. The rose and jasmine bloom, leaps wild in thee!
Line 10. Through its pure crystal lets the curious eye

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS

In the chapter with this title in "Outre-Mer," besides illustrations from Byron and Lockhart are the three following examples, contributed by Mr. Longfellow.

I

Rio Verde, Rio Verde!
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long has been the fight and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

II

"King Alfonso the Eighth, having exhausted his treasury in war, wishes to lay a tax of five farthings upon each of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to defray the expenses of a journey from Burgos to Cuenca. This proposition of the king was met with disdain by the noblemen who had been assembled on the occasion."

Don Nuno, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the king,
And thus in wrath replied:

"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,
"Ne'er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born soul who deems it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye noblemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the king
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said they,
"This paltry sum of gold;
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

III

"One of the finest of the historic ballads is that which describes Bernardo's march to Roncesvalles. He sallies forth 'with three thousand Leonese and more,' to protect the glory and freedom of his native land. From all sides, the peasantry of the land flock to the hero's standard."

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.

"Free were we born," 't is thus they cry,
"And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our king,
By the divine decree.

"But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.

"Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigorless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.

"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands?
Shall he a bloodless victory have?
No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall,
But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!"

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

This poem appeared in Mr. Longfellow's article on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain" in the "North American Review," and was repeated in "Outre-Mer."

And when the kings were in the field, — their squadrons in array, —
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —
These were a numerous army, — a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;

The one, he held a crosier, — a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high;

The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers, — fast sped the bloody fight, —
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright:
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed not of such woes, —
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

. . . . . .

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

SAN MIGUEL THE CONVENT

(San Miguel de la Tumba)

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

Published in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side:
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child;

The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling
by her side;
Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

. . . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers
hung, —
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar
tongue;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars
are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting stroke:
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy
book;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling
walls forsook.

. . . . . .

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and
wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach
the Child;

SONG

It did not reach the feathery screen before her face
that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the
throne.
The image it did not consume, it did not burn the
screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I
ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more
the shrine
Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by
hand of mine.

. . . . . .

SONG

From the chapter, "A Tailor's Drawer," in "Outre-Mer." "The following ditty," says the author, "I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew-drop."

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steel, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK

(Letrilla que llevaba por registro en su breviario)

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA

Published in Supplement to "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1870), and also in "Three Books of Song" (1872). See for the original "Antológia Española," Michaelis, p. 143.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

FROM THE CANCIONEROS

The main repository of these poems is Ochoa's "Tesoro de los Romanceros y Cancioneros Españoles," Paris, 1838. See also "Antologia Española." Mr. Longfellow published his translations in the volume entitled "Aftermath," 1873. His acquaintance with these Spanish popular songs was an early one, for there is an entry in his journal, when at Dresden, February 1, 1829: "At the Public Library in the morning till one o'clock. Found a very curious old Spanish book, treating of the troubadour poetry of Spain, entitled the 'Cancionero General.'"

I

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO TRISTFUL

(Ojos Tristes, Ojos Tristes)

BY DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in care and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

(Alguna Vez)

BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO

Some day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.
If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT FLYING

(VEN, MUERTE, TAN ESCONDIDA)

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIVA

COME, O Death, so silent flying
That unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.
For thy sure approach perceiving,
In my constancy and pain
I new life shall win again
Thinking that I am not living.
So to me, unconscious lying,
All unknown thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.
Unto him who finds thee hateful,
Death, thou art inhuman pain;
But to me, who dying gain,
Life is but a task ungrateful.
Come, then, with my wish complying,
All unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

IV

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE HAND BARE

Glove of black in white hand bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin, transparent veil,
That doth not conceal her hair;
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—
This is killing men that live,
'T is not mourning for the dead.

FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Mr. Longfellow spent the summer of 1835 in Sweden, where he occupied himself with the study of the language and literature, and with travel and observations of Swedish character. "The Swedish language," he wrote, "is soft and musical, with an accent like the Lowland Scotch. It is an easy language to read, but difficult to speak with correctness, owing to some grammatical peculiarities. . . . Sweden has one great poet, and only one. That is Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö, who is still living. His noblest work is 'Frithiof's Saga,' an heroic poem, founded on an old tradition." After his return to America, Mr. Longfellow wrote an article on the poem for the "North American Review," giving in it the translations which are placed first in this section.

His friend Mr. Samuel Ward four years later urged him to translate another of Tegnér's poems of which Mr. Longfellow had shown him a brief specimen; and in reply Mr. Longfellow wrote, under date of October 24,

1841: "How strange! While you are urging me to translate 'Nattvardsbarnen' ['The Children of the Lord's Supper'] comes a letter from Bishop Tegnér himself, saying that of all the translations he has seen of 'Frithiof,' my fragments are the only attempts 'that have *fully* satisfied him.' 'The only fault,' he says, 'that I can find with your translation is, that it is not complete. I take the liberty of urging you to complete the task, that I may be able to say that "Frithiof" has been translated into at least one language.' Highly complimentary is the Bishop to my humble endeavor. . . . After this kind letter, can I do less than overset the 'Nattvardsbarnen'?" In his willingness, he at once set about the translation and wrote his friend, November 6: "It is Saturday night, and eight by the village clock. I have just finished the translation of 'The Children of the Lord's Supper;' and with the very ink that wrote the last words of it, I commence this letter to you. That it is with the same pen, too, this chirography sufficiently makes manifest. With your permission I will mend that. The poem is indeed very beautiful; and in parts so touching that more than once in translating it I was blinded with tears. Perhaps my weakness makes the poet strong. You shall soon judge; for as I told you in my last, this poem goes into the forthcoming volume;

and with many — with all of you Episcopalians — will make the most attractive part of it."

The volume referred to was "Ballads and Other Poems," but before the contents of the volume were past recall, Mr. Longfellow for some reason, possibly his attention to the adverse criticism of a friend, proposed to withdraw the translation, even though it had been printed. Mr. Ward wrote to him urgently, November 24, "Yours of the 20th came to hand only yesterday. I cannot consent to the suppression of the 'Nattvardsbarnen.' I accordingly wrote to Owen to-day to suspend the destruction of the condemned sheets. . . . At least let me have a look at them. I am a pretty good judge, and identify myself a good deal with your success. I might add lots of quotations from your letters, showing how enchanted you were with the poem, and how much interest you took in the translation, and how wrong and inconsistent it is to reject it now in a fit of panic. I suppose you have read it to the Hater-of-horses-and-of-Jean-Paul [Felton], as you did 'The Skeleton in Armor.' I regard this as an extremely serious matter, the excluding these children from the *supper of glory* which awaits your new volume, and the other children of your fancy which it contains."

Mr. Longfellow reconsidered his decision and included the poem in the volume. He

provided it with an introduction describing rural life in Sweden, which he had previously used in his article on "Frithiof's Saga." In subsequent editions of his poems he removed it from its place as an introduction to "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and made it a long note to the poem. It will be found as such in its place at the end of this volume. In the same introduction, Mr. Longfellow made the following remarks regarding his translation:

"The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure, that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well but that she should do it at all.'"

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

In his paper in "Drift-Wood" entitled "Frithiof's Saga," Mr. Longfellow gave a running synopsis of the poem illustrated by translations of several of the passages. The following are the larger and more complete of these passages.

I

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillsides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys widely around, there fed on the greensward
Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.

'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of
Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder.
Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred [1])
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin [2] with lordly look, and Frey [3] with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,

[1] An old fashion of reckoning in the North.
[2] Odin, the All-father; the Jupiter of the Scandinavian mythology.
[3] Frey, the god of Fertility; the Bacchus of the North.

Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man
Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings [1]
Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Brage,[2]
Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's [3]
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and thorough the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among them

[1] The old pirates of the North.

[2] Brage, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

[3] Mimer, the Giant, who possessed the Well of Wisdom, under one of the roots of the Ash Igdrasil.

Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening
a star shoots.
More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall
were resplendent,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's
disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and
filled up the drink-horns,
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the
shield her reflection
Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drink-
ing champions.

II

A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE

King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"Fare not o'er the ice," the stranger cries;
"It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies."

"The king drowns not easily," Ring outspake;
"He who's afraid may go round the lake."

Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"Strike out," screamed the king, "my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's [1] blood."

They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth them by as swift as he will.

He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide.

III

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;
Growing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport:
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;

[1] The steed of Odin.

Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya,[1] half of Rota,[2] yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Gaze not at her eyes' blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!
Oh beware! her waist is slender, full her bosom is, beware!
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.

[1] The goddess of Love and Beauty; the Venus of the North.

[2] One of the Valkyrs, or celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them the Valkyr comes.

. . . . . .

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head,
Slept as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after war's alarm,
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon its mother's arm.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough:
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end your quarrel at a blow;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough:
"Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a defenceless old man slay!
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble: Frithiof took
his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the
gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand,[1] but on
light, unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards
the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet has been
my sleep," he said;
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a
brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's
brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each
other parted be!"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North
are other swords:
Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it
speaks not peaceful words;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the
Niffelhem;
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but
anger them."

[1] The Strand of Corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian Hell.

IV

FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL

No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave:
The fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,
"'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the spring sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron

Line 6. Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Line 7. Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the spring sun

Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions

Line 1. Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Line 2. Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed,
Line 7. Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-changing moment,

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
But in the front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.

Line 5. Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers.
Line 8. Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Line 13. Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,

Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)

Line 1. Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Line 2. Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Line 5. Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Line 7. And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.

Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered,
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,

Line 11. Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
Line 12. Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,

Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all curtsied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when spring-tide approaches,

Line 1. Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens, —
Line 7. Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Line 10. And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,
Line 13. Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when spring-tide approaches,

Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; — and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,

Line 1. Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Line 6. Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor
Downward rains from the heaven; — to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer!
Think not, oh, think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting

Line 5. Rains from the heaven downward; — to-day on the threshold of childhood
Line 7. For she knows naught of compulsion, only conviction desireth.

Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then, — believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?" — With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!

Line 13. Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents more gentle,

Children no more from this day, but by covenant
brothers and sisters!
Yet, — for what reason not children? Of such is the
kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven
one Father,
Ruling them all as his household, — forgiving in turn
and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has
taught us.
Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon
virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high
is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the
doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died
on the cross for.
Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
asylum
Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's
chill valley,
Oh, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long
to turn backward
Up to its hilltops again, to the sun-illumined, where
Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like
a mother,

Line 4. Ruling them as his own household, — forgiving in turn and chastising,
Line 9. Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and died for.

Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; oh do not reject her,

Line 6. Known them all, all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.

For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys
of the heavens.
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth
incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of
heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the
Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame
ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold
mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed
more freshly the flowerets,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the
wingèd angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and
homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings
are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its
tongue is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon
us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the
graveyard,
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing
children
Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps
and consoles them.

Line 7. Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the
flowers,

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,

Line 3. Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,
Line 10. Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.
Yet, — why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be happy
Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour,
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, — Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; — on earth it is callèd Forgiveness!

Knowest thou him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,

Line 1. Knowest thou him, who forgave, the crown of thorns round his temples?

Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than

Line 1. Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Line 2. Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Line 6. Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,

Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore the face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary; — then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's Holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart; — I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Line 15. What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, — the Atonement infinite likewise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals,
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,

Line 4. Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Line 13. Brought forth is sin full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms

Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and, transfigured, thence reascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,

Line 8. Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.
Line 9. Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting
Line 10. Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision

Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harp-strings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

Line 4. Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Line 6. Opened the heaven, as once before Stephen of old; — they beheld there

KING CHRISTIAN

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HOIEN MAST)

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

Written during a visit to Copenhagen in September, 1835. The poet first heard the air from some strolling musician in a coffee-house, and looking up the words by Johannes Evald in his lyrical drama "Fiskerne" ("The Fishermen"), Act II. Sc. v., translated them. The poem was first published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," April, 1838.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT

(Den Udkaarne Ridder)

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's "Danske Viser fra Middelalderen." It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of knight errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation. H. W. L. It is numbered CLII. in the collection.

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
  Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
  A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
  A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
  He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
  Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
  And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
  Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
  And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three;
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

CHILDHOOD

(Da jeg var lille)

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

Contributed by Mr. Longfellow to "Graham's Magazine" for April, 1844, and included by him afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

CHILDHOOD

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished; —
God! may I never lose that too!

FROM THE GERMAN

The first ten of the following poems are all from the volume "Voices of the Night," into which they were brought for the most part from "Hyperion." The winter of 1836, spent by Mr. Longfellow in Germany, appears to have been the time when most of his translations from German poetry were made.

THE HAPPIEST LAND

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

. . . . . .

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE

(Die Welle)

BY CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD

BY ERNST STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest
All they the holy ones,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,

Line 12. All, all the holy dead,

All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

(Schiff und Vogel)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?" —

"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all." —

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my merry song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

WHITHER?

(WOHIN?)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

First published in "Hyperion," book II. chapter vii.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;

'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

(HÜT DU DICH!)

First published in "Hyperion," book III., chapter vii. The song is a "Volkslied," and may be found in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," vol. i. p. 207. It is also given side by side with Mr. Longfellow's translation in Holt's "Representative German Poems," p. 336.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

Gives a side-glance and looks down

HENRY · HUNT ·

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL

First published in "Hyperion," book III., chapter iii. The scene of the chapter is laid at Interlachen. "The evening sun was setting," writes the author, "when I first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget thee! Surely it was a scene like this that inspired the soul of the Swiss poet, in his 'Song of the Bell.'" The translation was made in 1836, the year in which Mr. Longfellow visited Switzerland.

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

Line 15. Art but metal dull!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(Das Schloss am Meere)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

In the diary kept during his journey in Europe, Mr. Longfellow writes, under date of August 9, 1836: "There is not much in Zurich to detain us, but it is pleasant here. In the evening we took a walk, and then a boat on the lake. Then we went home, and I translated Uhland's ballad, 'The Castle by the Sea,' with the assistance of ——, who was scribe on the occasion." The poem was first published in "Hyperion," book III., chapter vi., where Paul Flemming discourses upon the living poets of Germany to Mary Ashburton.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT

(Der Schwarze Ritter)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

First published in "Hyperion" in connection with the preceding, and there commented on by Flemming and Mary Ashburton.

'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the King and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

Line 18. Am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances;
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,

Gave many a courteous thank:
"Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

(Lied: Ins stille Land)

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS

Published in "Hyperion" in the same chapter with the two preceding.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Line 6. Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own band!
Line 15. Into the land of the great Departed,

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

(Das Glück von Edenhall)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

"I have not written anything lately," writes Mr. Longfellow to his father, April 2, 1841, "save the translation of a German ballad, 'The Luck of Edenhall,' published in the 'Boston Notion.'" It was reprinted in the volume "Ballads and Other Poems" published in December of the same year.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'T was right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

(Der Junggesell)

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

Mr. S. Ward, after the death of his wife and child, sent Pfizer's poem to Mr. Longfellow and begged him to translate it. Mr. Longfellow writes June 24, 1841: "Sitting sad and sorrowful, the other morning, I felt the mood come over me of turning into English those sweet lines of Pfizer which, when you asked me to do it, I said I could not. You have now the piece entire. But I beg of you, do not give it to any one to print, as I have given it to my friend Hillard for a book of which he is editor, and which is now in press." The poem appeared in "The Token" for 1842, edited by George S. Hillard, and was

afterward included by Mr. Longfellow in his volume "Ballads and Other Poems."

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream, — away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

THE HEMLOCK TREE

The six numbers which follow were published in the volume entitled "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems," 1845. The first poem is included among the anonymous poems of uncertain date in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful
are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer-time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are
thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of
thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of
thy falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW

(Anke von Tharau)

BY SIMON DACH

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains
fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known, —

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

(Das Steinbild am Dome)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind, —
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
Oh, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Calling even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

(Der Kreuzschnabel No. 3)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

BY HEINRICH HEINE

The first three verses of the longer poem with the title "Nachts in der Cajüte," which forms a portion of Heine's "Die Nordsee" in his "Reisebilder."

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love!

POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

(Seventeenth Century)

MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,

To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

SILENT LOVE

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a
torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth
silences the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well
in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so
with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland
their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best
and longest known.

SILENT LOVE

An anonymous poem of uncertain date, translated by Mr. Longfellow and used in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Who love would seek,
  Let him love evermore
And seldom speak;
  For in love's domain
  Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
  And pain.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

(Selig sind die in dem Herrn sterben)

BY SIMON DACH

Published in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." See Müller's "Bibliothek deutscher Dichter des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts," vol. v. p. 123.

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

(Wandrers Nachtlied und Ein Gleiches)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

In a letter to Mr. Ward, written September 17, 1841, Mr. Longfellow sends a translation of the first of these songs, but less exact than this later rendering. These two songs, with the next piece, "Remorse," were printed in the group "A Handful of Translations," in the "Atlantic Monthly," September, 1870, and afterwards in "Three Books of Song."

I

Thou that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II

O'er all the hilltops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE

(Mut und Unmut)

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

FORSAKEN

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

FORSAKEN

Published in "Kéramos and Other Poems," 1878.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,
And its frank eyes, with look intense,
Me from a world of sin are bringing
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever;
Strong may thy heart in danger be!

Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never
False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,
Until her lips are white and breathless,
Until in death her eyes shall break.

ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHLMANN

A lyric introduced into Mahlmann's tale of "Benno."

Allah gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,
Years vanish with flying feet;
But my heart will live on forever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

THE GRAVE

From a volume of Homilies in the Bodleian Library. See the article on "Anglo-Saxon Literature" in "Drift-Wood," where the poem is also given.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,

So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT

Printed in the article on "Anglo-Saxon Literature" as given in the "North American Review," July, 1838, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Thus then, much care-worn,
The son of Healfden
Sorrowed evermore,
Nor might the prudent hero
His woes avert.
The war was too hard,
Too loath and longsome,
That on the people came,
Dire wrath and grim,
Of night-woes the worst.
This from home heard
Higelac's Thane,
Good among the Goths,
Grendel's deeds.
He was of mankind
In might the strongest,
At that day
Of this life,
Noble and stalwart.
He bade him a sea-ship,
A goodly one, prepare.
Quoth he, the war-king,
Over the swan's road,
Seek he would

The mighty monarch,
Since he wanted men.
For him that journey
His prudent fellows
Straight made ready,
Those that loved him.
They excited their souls,
The omen they beheld.
Had the good-man
Of the Gothic people
Champions chosen,
Of those that keenest
He might find,
Some fifteen men.
The sea-wood sought he.
The warrior showed,
Sea-crafty man!
The landmarks,
And first went forth.
The ship was on the waves,
Boat under the cliffs.
The barons ready
To the prow mounted.
The streams they whirled
The sea against the sands.
The chieftains bore
On the naked breast
Bright ornaments,
War-gear, Goth-like.
The men shoved off,
Men on their willing way,
The bounden wood.

Then went over the sea-waves,
Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl,
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the Earl at an end.
Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.
Then from the wall beheld
The warden of the Scyldings,
He who the sea-cliffs
Had in his keeping,
Bear o'er the balks
The bright shields,
The war-weapons speedily.
Him the doubt disturbed

In his mind's thought,
What these men might be.
Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding,
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's staff in hand,
In measured words demanded:
"What men are ye
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel
Over the water-street
Leading come
Hither over the sea?
I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold;
That in the Land of the Danes
Nothing loathsome
With a ship-crew
Scathe us might. . . .
Ne'er saw I mightier
Earl upon earth
Than is your own,
Hero in harness.
Not seldom this warrior
Is in weapons distinguished;
Never his beauty belies him,
His peerless countenance!
Now would I fain
Your origin know,
Ere ye forth

As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar-off!
Ye sailors of the sea!
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be."

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY

In the article upon "Anglo-Saxon Literature" as published in "Drift-Wood," Mr. Longfellow gave two translations, one of which, "The Grave," he repeated in his collection, "Voices of the Night." The other was the following, taken from the "Exeter Manuscript."

Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh

From God himself
Its woe or its weal;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in; —
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
"Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth."

FROM THE FRENCH

The first work which Mr. Longfellow printed in the way of translation of French poetry was in connection with his article on "Origin and Progress of the French Language," which he contributed to the "North American Review" for April, 1831. He used a portion of this paper in the chapter, "The Trouvères," in "Outre-Mer," introducing his translation of some early lyrics by these words: "The favorite theme of the ancient lyric poets of the North of France is the wayward passion of love. They all delight to sing '*les douces dolors et li mal plaisant de fine amor.*' With such feelings the beauties of the opening spring are naturally associated. Almost every love-ditty of the old poets commences with some such exordium as this: 'When the snows of winter have passed away, when the soft and gentle spring returns, and the flower and leaf shoot in the groves, and the little birds warble to their mates in their own sweet language, — then will I sing my lady-love!' Another favorite introduction to these little rhapsodies of romantic passion is the approach of morning and its sweet-voiced herald, the lark. The minstrel's song to his lady-love frequently commences with an allusion to the hour.

> "When the rosebud opes its een,
> And the bluebells droop and die,
> And upon the leaves so green
> Sparkling dew-drops lie.

The following is at once the simplest and prettiest piece of this kind which I have met with among the early lyric poets of the North of France. It is taken from an anonymous poem, entitled 'The Paradise of Love.' A lover, having passed the 'livelong night in tears as he was wont,' goes forth to beguile his sorrows with the fragrance and beauty of morning. The carol of the vaunting skylark salutes his ear, and to this merry musician he makes his complaint."

SONG

FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE

HARK! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
But if to these longing arms
Pitying Love would yield the charms
Of the fair
With smiling air,
Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Love may force me still to bear,
While he lists, consuming care;
But in anguish
Though I languish,
Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
But rather than all thoughts forego

SONG

Of the fair
With flaxen hair,
Give me back her frowns again.
Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!

SONG

Given in "The Trouvères," a chapter of "Outre-Mer," as another example of the lyrics of the early poets of the North of France.

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
Say, dost thou bear his fate severe
To Love's poor martyr doomed to die?
Come, tell me quickly, — do not lie;
What secret message bring'st thou here?
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
And safely speed thee on thy way;
This only I would humbly pray, —
Pierce deep, — but oh! forbear to kill.
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?

THE RETURN OF SPRING

(Renouveau)

BY CHARLES D'ORLÉANS

In "The Trouvères" two *renouveaux* by this author are given. The second one was also repeated in "Voices of the Night."

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

SPRING

BY CHARLES D'ORLÉANS

Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ)

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

Printed first in the article on "Origin and Progress of the French Language," and afterward in the chapter on "The Trouvères" in "Outre-Mer."

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!

Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

The article in "Drift-Wood" on "Ancient French Romances" was translated by Mr. Longfellow from the French of Paulin Paris, and the following poem, given by M. Paris as an illustration of his subject, was reproduced by the translator in a metrical version.

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining hauberk from his breast.
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried, — "for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on, — there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where Almoners live again,
There are our couches spread, there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave!
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend! — what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see; —
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath,
The Hebrew Prophets from the second death."
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore; —
No heart had he to smile, but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom God's benison rest,
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast; —
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart, his panting bosom heaves,
Death comes apace, — no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands, and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified,
In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison; —
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;
God grant to him his holy benison.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLÈ

BY JACQUES JASMIN

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

On the 30th of September, 1849, Mr. Longfellow wrote in his diary: "I think I shall translate Jasmin's 'Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè,' — a beautiful poem, unknown to English ears and hearts, but well deserving to be made known." The book in which the translation appeared, "The Seaside and the Fireside," was published December 22, 1849. The poem had an introduction which was afterward transferred to the notes at the end of the volume in which the poem appeared. The text of the original may be found in "Las Papillotos de Jasmin," ii. 5, Agen, 1842.

I

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven had sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies,
Singing their chant:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;
While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:
"Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be!"
And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,

So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
Oh no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, halfway up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,

The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well as he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,

And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"
And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

II

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary:

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!

Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!
When he is gone 't is dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
What then — when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see!
And that deceives me not! 't is he! 't is he!"
And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:
"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding-guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
"My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?

How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"
"I know it!" answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!
"Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for a while alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold, — art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?
It must seem long to him; — methinks I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;—
Go, pray to God, that thou mayest love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles!
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;
So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of Nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,

A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
Come in! the bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more, — the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?" — and she started,
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delayed not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! the pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;

The wedding-ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
'T is spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side
"'T is he!" a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding-guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:

The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOEI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAI

Translated in 1849 and published in "The Seaside and the Fireside."

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

CONSOLATION

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

The three poems that follow form a portion of "A Handful of Translations" published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1870, and afterward included in the volume "Three Books of Song." The first and third were written in 1870.

Will then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal?
And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn;

A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

. . . . . .

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling;
All prayers to him are vain;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend;
The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,
Is never for the best;
To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

No. CXVIII. of "Poésies" in Lalanne's edition of Malherbe's complete works.

Thou mighty Prince of Church and State,
Richelieu! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.
Spun of all silks, our days and nights

Have sorrows woven with delights;
And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of years
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed below,
Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

(L'Ange et l'Enfant; Elégie à une Mère)

BY JEAN REBOUL THE BAKER OF NISMES

An angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, oh come with me!

Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah, no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light! —
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES

BY JOSEPH MÉRY

The three translations that follow appeared in the volume "Kéramos and Other Poems," 1878.

FROM this high portal, where upsprings
The rose to touch our hands in play,
We at a glance beheld three things, —
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks fear;
I drown my best friends in the deep;
And those who braved my tempests, here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and fraught
With tumult and with smoke and care;
My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-tracks guide
To the pale climates of the North;
Where my last milestone stands abide
The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers
As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives us oil,
The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,
Where spring-time of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade;
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine made;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET

(À mon Ruisseau)

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS

Thou brooklet, all unknown to song,
  Hid in the covert of the wood!
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
  Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
  Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
  Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits; —
  The nightingale, the marguerite;
In shadow here he meditates
  His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
  Knows naught of error or of crime;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
  Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
  Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
  And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

BARRÉGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore!
You, may these eyes behold no more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views!
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds!
Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,
Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and main
Break pathways through the rocky walls,
With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,
Arise, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

SONNET

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,
  Methinks from my own hearth must come;
  With speed, to that beloved home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul
  In quiet may itself possess,
  Where all things soothe the mind's distress,
Where all things teach me and console.

WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS COME BACK AGAIN

The four translations that follow were published after Mr Longfellow's death, in the volume "In the Harbor."

Will ever the dear days come back again,
  Those days of June, when lilacs were in bloom,
  And bluebirds sang their sonnets in the gloom
  Of leaves that roofed them in from sun or rain?
I know not; but a presence will remain
  Forever and forever in this room,
  Formless, diffused in air, like a perfume, —
  A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.
Delicious days! when every spoken word
  Was like a footfall nearer and more near,
  And a mysterious knocking at the gate
Of the heart's secret places, and we heard
  In the sweet tumult of delight and fear
  A voice that whispered, "Open, I cannot wait!"

AT LA CHAUDEAU

BY XAVIER MARMIER

Marmier, on his part, published, with Mr. Longfellow's consent, a volume of "Drames et Poésies" (Hachette, 1872), containing "The New England Tragedies," and five poems, among them "Excelsior" and "The Psalm of Life."

At La Chaudeau, — 't is long since then:
I was young, — my years twice ten:
All things smiled on the happy boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old:
My head is gray, my blood is cold;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain;
A sweet remembrance keeps off age;
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh green youth
Under the shadows the hilltops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,
Happy to be where God intends;
And sometimes, by the evening fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old château
At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE

Written September 11 1879

Let him who will, by force or fraud innate,
Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery height;
I, leaving not the home of my delight,
Far from the world and noise will meditate.
Then, without pomps or perils of the great,
I shall behold the day succeed the night;
Behold the alternate seasons take their flight,
And in serene repose old age await.
And so, whenever Death shall come to close
The happy moments that my days compose,
I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone!
How wretched is the man, with honors crowned,
Who, having not the one thing needful found,
Dies, known to all, but to himself unknown.

THE WINE OF JURANÇON

BY CHARLES CORAN

Little sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met;
We pledge, we drink. How sour it is!
Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth;
The selfsame juice, the selfsame cask!
It was you, O gayety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask!

FRIAR LUBIN

(Le Frère Lubin)

BY CLÉMENT MAROT

Mr. Longfellow gave this lyric in his paper on "Origin and Progress of the French Language," and afterward printed it in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." By reference to the discarded scenes of "Michael Angelo," given in the Appendix to this volume, it will be seen that he makes Rabelais sing it. The *envoy* which closes the poem here is omitted in the scene. The original is to be found in "Bibliothèque Choisie des Poëtes François," iii. 56.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced, —
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed, —
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none, —
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it, — but not he;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY

When an evil deed 's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

RONDEL

BY JEAN FROISSART

Published in "Origin and Progress of the French Language," in the "North American Review," April, 1831, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!
I do not know thee, — nor what deeds are thine:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!

MY SECRET

BY FÉLIX ARVERS

This sonnet was contributed by Mr. Longfellow to a little volume entitled "Gifts of Genius; a Miscellany of Prose and Poetry by American Authors," published in New York in 1859 for the benefit of Miss C. A. Davenport. Mr. Bryant wrote a brief preface to the volume, and all the contents were new. Mr. Longfellow afterward inserted the sonnet in "A Handful of Translations," in the "Atlantic Monthly," September, 1870, and in the Supplement to "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

My soul its secret has, my life too has its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space conceived;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,
And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed.
Alas! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,
Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only
Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.
For her, though God has made her gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and without hearing
These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

FROM THE ITALIAN

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

PURGATORIO II. 13–51

Mr. Longfellow's biographer, in speaking of the poet's methods with his college class when engaged upon the study of Dante, says: "The Professor read the book into English to his class, with a running commentary and illustration. For his purpose he had bound an interleaved copy of the author; the blank pages of which he gradually filled with notes and with translations of noteworthy passages. In this way were written those passages from the 'Divina Commedia' which were first printed in the 'Voices of the Night.'" The footnote readings are from the first edition of "Voices of the Night," and for the convenience of the reader, who may wish to make the comparison, the final form of the passages, as presented in the complete translation of the "Purgatorio," is subjoined in small type.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me, — may I again behold it!
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,

And lo! as when upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me — may I again behold it! —
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,

Line 4. Appeared to me, — would I again could see it!

Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I know not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not another word,
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail

Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it
Little by little there came forth another.
My Master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried: "Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail

Line 9. While the first brightness into wings unfolded;

Than his own wings, between so distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,

Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near-by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"
They chaunted all together in one voice,

Line 14. "*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"

With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

PURGATORIO XXVIII. 1–33

Longing already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.
A gently breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead

With whatso in that psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

Eager already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Taking the level country slowly, slowly
Over the soil that everywhere breathes fragrance.
A softly breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me

No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze,
Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,
Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I

No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had carried me
Into the ancient wood so far, that I

Line 5. Yet not from their true inclination bent

BEATRICE

Could see no more the place where I had entered.
And lo! my further course cut off a river,
Which, tow'rds the left hand, with its little waves
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE

PURGATORIO XXX. 13–33, 85–99, XXXI. 13–21.

Even as the Blessed, at the final summons,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,

Could not perceive where I had entered it.
And lo! my further course a stream cut off,
Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
Bent down the grass that on its margin grew.
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

Even as the Blessed at the final summons
Shall rise up quickened each one from his cavern,

Line 11. Even as the Blessed, in the new covenant,

Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis*,"
And scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."
Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while;
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,

Uplifting light the reinvested flesh,
So upon that celestial chariot
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis*,"
And, scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."
Ére now have I beheld, as day began,
The eastern hemisphere all tinged with rose,
And the other heaven with fair serene adorned;
And the sun's face, uprising, overshadowed,
So that by tempering influence of vapors
For a long interval the eye sustained it;
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers
Which from those hands angelical ascended,

Line 8. I once beheld, at the approach of day,

And down descended inside and without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

. . . . . .

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,
And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire,
Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime forever
After the chiming of the eternal spheres;
But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,

And downward fell again inside and out,
Over her snow-white veil with olive cinct
Appeared a lady under a green mantle,
Vested in color of the living flame.

. . . . . .

Even as the snow among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy congeals,
Blown on and drifted by Sclavonian winds,
And then, dissolving, trickles through itself,
Whene'er the land that loses shadow breathes,
So that it seems a fire that melts a taper;
E'en thus was I without a tear or sigh,
Before the song of those who sing forever
After the music of the eternal spheres.
But when I heard in their sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,

"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

. . . . . .

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark;
So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and in my anguish
Through mouth and eyes came gushing from my breast.

. . . . . .

Confusion and dismay together mingled
Forced such a Yes! from out my mouth, that sight
Was needful to the understanding of it.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bowstring and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark,
So I gave way beneath that heavy burden,
Outpouring in a torrent tears and sighs,
And the voice flagged upon its passage forth.

Line 11. So I gave way under this heavy burden,

TO ITALY

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

Written in 1865. See the original in "Raccolta di Lirici Italiani dall' origine della lingua sino al secolo xviii., compilata da" Robustiano Gironi, Milan, 1808.

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness
Written upon thy forehead by despair;
Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,
Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!
Then from the Alps I should not see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave for evermore.

SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE

The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew, Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti. H. W. L. Written in 1874, and published in "Kéramos and Other Poems," 1878.

I

THE ARTIST

Nothing the greatest artist can conceive
That every marble block doth not confine
Within itself; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine,
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,
If in thy heart both death and love find place
At the same time, and if my humble brain,
Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

II

FIRE

Not without fire can any workman mould
The iron to his preconceived design,
Nor can the artist without fire refine
And purify from all its dross the gold;
Nor can revive the phœnix, we are told,
Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine
I hope to rise again with the divine,
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.
O sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns
Within me still to renovate my days,
Though I am almost numbered with the dead!
If by its nature unto heaven returns
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

III

YOUTH AND AGE

Oh give me back the days when loose and free
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,
Oh give me back the angelic face again,
With which all virtue buried seems to be!
Oh give my panting footsteps back to me,

That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,
If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee!
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,
In an old man thou canst not wake desire;
Souls that have almost reached the other shore
Of a diviner love should feel the darts,
And be as tinder to a holier fire.

IV

OLD AGE

The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbor, where must rendered be
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,—
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

V

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

Lady, how can it chance — yet this we see
In long experience — that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently?
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.
Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

VI

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

When the prime mover of my many sighs
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,
Nature, that never made so fair a face,
Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.
O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries!
O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,

Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay
The rumor of thy virtuous renown,
That Lethe's waters could not wash away!
A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,
Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,
Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII

DANTE

What should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendor is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well,
That the most perfect most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he

VIII

CANZONE

Ah me! ah me! when thinking of the years,
The vanished years, alas, I do not find
Among them all one day that was my own!
Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears
(For human passions all have stirred my mind),
Have held me, now I feel and know, confined
Both from the true and good still far away.
I perish day by day;
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

Published with the original, in the article "History of the Italian Language and Dialects," in the "North American Review," October, 1832, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was made.
Soon as the sun's broad flame

Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air;
Yet was not till he came:
So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its allotted place.
Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious stone:
This virtue comes not from the stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has shone;
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays:
And thus when Nature doth create the heart
Noble and pure and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's
eye.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

SONG

BY GIL VICENTE

Published in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door.
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

FROM EASTERN SOURCES

THE FUGITIVE

A TARTAR SONG

Alexander Edmund Boreyko Chodzko, a Polish scholar, published in London, in 1842, through the agency of the Oriental Translation Fund, a volume of "Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia" as found in the adventures and improvisations of Kurroglou, the Bandit-Minstrel of Northern Persia, and in the songs of the people inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea, orally collected and translated with philological and historical notes. His version was in prose. Mr. Longfellow appears to have used it in making some Persian songs in 1852, but he printed nothing till 1870, when, in "A Handful of Translations" in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, he included the two poems which follow. Later he published his poem, "The Leap of Roushan Beg," drawn from the same source.

I

"He is gone to the desert land!
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band!

"Come back, rebellious one!
Let thy proud heart relent;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son!

"Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid;
Will not all this prevail?"

II

"This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am mine own,
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who doth care for me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me!"

III

Then Sobra, the old, old man —
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears —
Bowed down and said, "O Khan!

" If you bid me, I will speak.
There 's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

" I am old, I am very old:
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Genghis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

" What I say to you is the truth;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

" Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the light
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

" He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

" Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

" When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said

Were these, as he stood and prayed,
'There is no God but God!'

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN

See Chodzko's "Specimens," pp. 362–364.

Black are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me;
But when I looked behind, alas!
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power of Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan!
Ah! was ever a grief like this?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

This and the following poem are from "Armenian Popular Songs," translated into English prose by the Rev. Leo M. Alishan, D. D., of the Mechitaristic Society, Venice, S. Lazarus, 1852. "The Young-man and the water" is Dr. Alishan's title for the first poem. They were given in "A Handful of Translations" in the "Atlantic Monthly," September, 1870, and afterwards in "Three Books of Song."

Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK

Welcome, O Stork! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away!
Thou hast brought us the signs of spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend
Upon our roof to rest;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

TO THE STORK

When thou away didst go,
  Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
  And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
  Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on high,
  And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
  From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
  And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
  Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grow
  Were withered by snow and frost.

FROM THE LATIN

Mr. Longfellow records in his Diary, November 29, 1870: "[Professor William Everett's] Lecture on Virgil. In the evening I tried to render the first Eclogue into English hexameters, but did not write it down." The translations that follow were published in the volume "Kéramos and Other Poems."

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBŒUS

Tityrus, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god forever; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.

He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather; on all sides
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
Heartsick, further away; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.
Nevertheless, who this God may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,
Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,

Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBŒUS

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee?

TITYRUS

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods, Amaryllis,
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches!

Tityrus hence was absent! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees,
Thee, the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

TITYRUS

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favor:
"Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left thee,
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,
Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion infect them.
Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.
On this side, a hedge along the neighboring cross-road,
Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,

Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aërial elm-trees.

TITYRUS

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,
Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

MELIBŒUS

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with green-sward
Seeing, with wonder behold, — my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears!
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,

And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither discord
Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear-trees, now, put in order thy vineyards.
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforetime.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee
Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples,
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance;
And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE

AT TOMIS IN BESSARABIA NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE

TRISTIA BOOK III. ELEGY X

Should any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us:
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it.
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels;
No more draughts of wine, — pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus, —
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'T is not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift themselves from the water;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the refluent stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind, —
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in agony perish.
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its
vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have
found here
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress
to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we
behold here, —
Places, alas! unto which no happy man would
repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all
sides,
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

TRISTIA BOOK III. ELEGY XII

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year
being ended,
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those
of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the
seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have
seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcome as guest shall
he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands
now?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a
home?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house
and my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

APPENDIX

I

SCENES OMITTED FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

As explained in the Introductory Note to "Michael Angelo," Mr. Longfellow laid aside certain scenes as not to be incorporated in the poems; he left others, also, for which he had substituted a different form. The brief passages omitted have already been given in footnotes; the longer passages and full scenes are here given with reference to the places in the poem to which they bear relation. As in the case of the regular text, bracketed passages indicate additions to the first form, and footnote readings omissions.

Page 24. At this point Mr. Longfellow appears at first to have designed introducing the monologue of Vittoria in which she expresses her devotion to Pescara and at the same time her agitated feelings regarding Michael Angelo, and also a scene between Vittoria and Fra Bernardino. The close, accordingly, of the scene between Vittoria and Julia varied from what was finally adopted, and was followed by the monologue of Vittoria, a part of which the author reserved and used later, and then by the scene with Fra Bernardino.

VITTORIA

Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word. Look, how the setting sun
Lights up Sorrento with surpassing splendor,
And Capri like a purple cloud is floating
Between the sea and sky. [And here before us
Vesuvius with its pennon of blue smoke,

And the great city stretched upon the shore
As in a dream.]

JULIA

Parthenope the siren!

VITTORIA

And yon long line of lights, those sunlit windows,
Blaze like the torches carried in procession
To do her honor. Beautiful!

JULIA

Below there,
Some one is landing at the garden stairs.

VITTORIA

It is Fra Bernardino, the good monk.

JULIA

How like a saint he looks, with his coarse raiment
And long white hair, and beard that sweeps his breast,
And the pale face of one who fasts and watches.
His very presence is an admonition,
And a reproach to me; I leave you with him.

Exit.

VITTORIA (*alone*)

Why is it that I start, if suddenly
One speaks the name of Michael Angelo,
When I am off my guard? I ask myself
This question often, and my heart as often
Gives the same answer. No, it is not love;[1]
But veneration for a noble soul
That lives apart from others and above them.

[1] For love lies dead upon the battle-field,
Trampled beneath the bloody hoofs of horses;

But then, with him how is it? In the rhymes
He sends me, in those little bursts of song,
One feels the swift pulsation of the heart
In every line. And yet if I believed it
The thought would give me pain. It cannot be,
For he is Plato's pupil, and his love
Is for the fair Ideal in his mind,
And not for me, or any mortal woman.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats with its white apparel blown abroad
And wafted up to heaven. Would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Pescara,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit.
March 22, 1872.]

Mr. Longfellow writes here: "Omit all that follows, except the last page. Let that come here. Parting with friends, etc." See *ante*, p. 73.

Enter FRA BERNARDINO [1]

VITTORIA

Welcome, Fra Bernardino, to this house
Where you are always welcome, where your coming
Always gives pleasure, and your going pain.
Welcome a thousand times.

FRA BERNARDINO

My gracious lady,
But for a moment do I interrupt

[1] FRA BERNARDINO
The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you forevermore.

Your silent meditations. I have come
Only to take my leave.

VITTORIA

Are you too going?
All my friends leave me; then must I not stay.
One would not be alone in Paradise.
But whither go you?

FRA BERNARDINO

I am called to Rome
To preach at San Silvestro.[1]

VITTORIA

I rejoice,
Not that you go, but that you preach in Rome.
For Rome hath need of such a voice as yours
To wake it from its sleep.

FRA BERNARDINO

The sleep of death
It seems to me at times, from which no voice
Less loud than that of the archangel's trumpet
Can ever wake it more. [The Church once stood
Perfect in its simplicity; its walls,
White with the innocency of primal ages;
But now ambitious men have built about it
With their conceits, as swallows build their nests
Under the eaves of houses, till the human

[1] This is not
Of my own seeking; nor from an ambition
For the applause of men; for I have learned
The more we follow our desires, the more
Our hearts become oppressed. There is no peace
But in the resignation of ourselves
To heavenly aspirations.

Hath shut out the divine. Upon all roads
The chariot wheels of Popes and Cardinals
Efface the footprints of the Nazarene.
Pope Leo, when some slight reform of things
Was urged upon him, made no other answer
Than pointing to a crucifix, and saying:
"Here you behold the fate of the Reformer!"

VITTORIA

But death is not the end.

FRA BERNARDINO

Savonarola
Died for reform in vain.]

VITTORIA

Savonarola
Was put to death; but Raphael painted him
Among the saints and fathers of the Church
Upon the ceilings of the Papal palace.
If this can be, our age is not so dark
As that which went before it.[1]

[1] FRA BERNARDINO

Still the vision
Of reconciliation with the Monk
Of Wittenberg, which I so long have cherished,
And his return to the maternal bosom
Of the Church Catholic, is growing fainter,
And fading into nothingness. My mind
Is overshadowed by dark intimations
Of coming evil.

VITTORIA

This is but the effect
Of your long vigils. You are faint with fasting,
And see things but in shadow.

FRA BERNARDINO

At Vicenza
Four Spanish monks, in worn and ragged garments,
At the same hour, and in four separate streets,
Preached to the people; then passed on to Rome
Four separate ways; but daily at each hour
Keeping the same observances, and thus
Acting together though they were apart.
They call themselves the Company of Jesus.
Many in Rome have joined them, and they offer
Obedience absolute to his Holiness,
To do his bidding without hesitation,
Without condition, question, or reward.

VITTORIA

This is the abject servitude that drives
The Lutherans from the Church.

FRA BERNARDINO

Ah, my dear lady,
Against this solid phalanx what are we,
Who do not act together, but are scattered
As separate bands? They say that as Saint Peter
Subdued in Rome the first heresiarchs,
So his successors in the selfsame place
Must quench the heresies of all the world.

VITTORIA

It is not heresy to say that Faith
Is greater than Good Works, nor heresy
To preach against corruption and the traffic
Of pardons and indulgences.

[FRA BERNARDINO

And yet
These men esteem it so.

VITTORIA]

Be not afraid.
The Cardinal Contarini is your friend,
And Cardinal Polo, and our dear Valdesso,
Whom all men love; and with them, though behind them,
The house of the Colonna! What to these
Are your four Spanish monks in tattered garments,
Exhorting in the crowded thoroughfares
Of a provincial town, and afterwards
Journeying to Rome, to beg his Holiness
To set his slipper on their servile necks?
Pardon me if I chide you, but remember
That Fra Modesto never was made Prior;
'T is an old proverb, but it has a meaning;
And you of all men, dear Fra Bernardino,
Should ponder what it means; and never doubt
The power and the supremacy of truth
Over all adversaries.

FRA BERNARDINO

Noble lady,
I come to you downcast with many cares,
And poor in spirit, and I go from you
Uplifted in myself, and with new courage
To suffer and to do. I take my leave.
The grace of God be with you.

VITTORIA

Holy father,
We meet again in Rome.

FRA BERNARDINO

If God so will.

Exit.

March 23, 1872.]

Page 32. The same scene, much expanded. The date of the shorter scene is not recorded. From internal evidence the longer scene appears to have been written subsequently, but the first form retained, after all.

SAN SILVESTRO

A chapel in the church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo

SCENE I. — VITTORIA COLONNA, FRA BERNARDINO, MESSER FRANCESCO, MESSER CLAUDIO

VITTORIA

Here we will rest awhile until the crowd
Has left the church. Pleasant it is and cool,
And a delightful silence reigns about us.
Fra Bernardino, your discourse to-day
Has touched me very deeply, and I thank you.

FRA BERNARDINO

My gracious lady, if the words I spake
Have moved your heart, thank God for it, not me.

VITTORIA

Though I bestow my goods to feed the poor,
And though I give my body to be burned,
And have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
Fra Bernardino, I would have those words
Written in golden letters on the walls
Of all our churches.

FRA BERNARDINO

And upon the lintels
Of all our doors, that going in and out
We might behold them.

VITTORIA

But these gentlemen,
Especially the gentleman from Spain,
Would, I imagine, with far greater pleasure
Hear Michael Angelo discourse on art,
Than listen to Fra Bernardino's sermons.

MESSER FRANCESCO (*with warmth*)

Pardon me, gracious lady, but you wrong me
In thinking all beyond the realm of art
Foreign unto my thought. It would be pleasant
Doubtless to hear great Michael Angelo
Discourse upon his art, yet I profess
That I would rather hear Fra Bernardino
On the Pauline Epistles.

FRA BERNARDINO

Dear Marchesa,
The presence of the gentleman from Spain,
Himself a painter, might make Angelo
Cautious in speaking. Hence the gentleman
Ought to conceal himself if he would hear.

MESSER FRANCESCO (*angrily*)

'T would be more difficult than you imagine
To keep the gentleman from Spain concealed
From Michael Angelo. Were I concealed,
He would perhaps observe my presence sooner
Than would your Reverence were I not concealed
And you put on your spectacles to help you.

MESSER CLAUDIO (*aside to* VITTORIA, *laughing*)

How very fiery is this little man!
They say in Naples, that a true Hidalgo

Would rather go in rags than wear patched clothes.
We will not try to mend him.

VITTORIA

Yes, make peace;
Or he might draw his sword here in the church.

MESSER CLAUDIO (*to* MESSER FRANCESCO)

Fra Bernardino meant you no offence,
He spoke in jest; and you too seriously
Have taken the playful words of the Marchesa.
She meant not to imply that a good painter
Is good for nothing else; but wished to say
That having listened to a learned preacher
She had in store for us another pleasure,
If not a greater.

MESSER FRANCESCO (*pacified*)

That would not be strange,
For the Marchesa would in that but follow
Her usual generous habit of bestowing
More than we venture to desire.

VITTORIA

Believe me
'T is sweet to give, when those to whom we give
Are grateful. Therefore I have sent already
To Michael Angelo, entreating him
To waste an hour in our society
And turn it to our profit. He is here.

April 15, 1872.

SCENE II. — THE SAME, MICHAEL ANGELO, MESSER FRANCESCO *behind*

VITTORIA

Dear Master, it is very kind of you

To leave your labors and to come to us,
Who having naught to do are but as gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I am much honored that you sent for me;
Your wishes are commands.

VITTORIA

As we sat here
After Fra Bernardino's sermon, we all wished
To have you with us, and I sent for you.
I thought that you would come.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[Your messenger
Met me upon the way.] I am too happy
At all times to be with you.

VITTORIA

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And Signoria from the Tuscan tongue;
We must now speak without those empty titles.

MESSER CLAUDIO

'T is the abuse of them and not the use
I deprecate.

VITTORIA

If we discuss such questions
We shall but weary Michael Angelo.

MESSER FRANCESCO

The surest way to weary him would be
Simply to let him know that I am here.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Pardon me, Ser Francesco. When I entered
It was impossible for me to see you,
For I saw no one present in the chapel
But the Marchesa.

MESSER FRANCESCO

The divine Marchesa
Seems like the sun to make things visible
Unto some eyes, and so to dazzle others
That they see nothing.[1]

VITTORIA

His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,
To build a convent in this neighborhood,
Where the old tower is standing, from whose top
Nero looked down upon the burning city.
Footsteps of pious women shall efface

[1] Thus with you, for instance,
She is the cause of your not seeing me;
With me she is the cause that I now see you.
'T was for this reason that it seemed to me
Superfluous to follow the advice
Given by a certain reverend gentleman
To hide myself away.

All traces of the wicked. I am doubtful
How I shall build; how large to make the convent,
And which way fronting. The old walls perhaps
Might still be used.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Undoubtedly. The tower
Might hold the bells, and warn the citizens
Of other fires than those that Nero kindled.
I see no bar or drawback to this building,
And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,
We might together view the site.

VITTORIA

I thank you.
I did not venture to request so much.
You are a generous giver; hence your friends
All rank yourself much higher than your works.
But those who know your works and not yourself
Value that in you which is perfect only
Upon a lower scale.

MICHAEL ANGELO

That is to draw
Too nice a difference; for what I am
And what I do are one.

VITTORIA

I much admire
The way you live secluded from the world,
From idle conversation and the offers
Of princes, who would tempt you to their service,
And all absorbed in your own contemplations,
Dispose the various labors of your life
As one great single work.

MICHAEL ANGELO

My gracious lady,
Your praise is undeserved; but since you touch
Upon the theme of artists and the lives
They mostly lead, apart from other men,
And self-absorbed or selfish, I make bold
To speak my mind, and say that all high aims,
In art, in science, or in song, demand
This sequestration from the world around us,
This consecration of the world within us,
This self-surrender and self-sacrifice
To the ideal vision and the voice, —
As the condition of all excellence
And all achievement. But when artists claim
This right to be alone, the world grows jealous,
Calls them strange people and fantastical,
Morose, discourteous, as if they were born
Only to dance attendance on the great
And please their humors. Even his Holiness
Annoys me and perplexes me by asking
Wherefore I do not oftener show myself;
To which I answer, I prefer to work
In my own fashion for him, and not go
Parading in his presence all day long,
As others do, and stirring not a hand.

MESSER FRANCESCO

O happy Michael Angelo! One prince
And only one among all princes is there
Who would forgive you such a sin.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Perhaps.
Princes should be forbearing; and the Pope
Is always so with me. The noble work

He hath commissioned me to carry forward
Gives me such freedom with him, that I speak
With perfect frankness.[1] So, he lets me live
As I think best; and at such times as these
I serve him with most zeal. I say an artist
Who does not wholly give himself to art,
Who has about him nothing marked or strange,
But tries to suit himself to all the world,
Will ne'er attain to greatness. For the rest,
The common race of artists, no one needs
A lantern to look after them; they stand
At every corner and in every street,
Ready for those that seek them.

VITTORIA

If the friends
That most beset and persecute great artists
Only resembled those of ancient times,
The evil would be less. Arcesilaus,
So runs the story, visited Apelles
When he was ill; and as he smoothed his pillows
Slipped under them a handful of gold pieces.
When the old servant found this hidden treasure
She was astonished; but Apelles said,
To reassure her: "Do not be amazed;
Arcesilaus has been here."

MICHAEL ANGELO

Apelles
Was a rough man as I am; but he spake
With the same freedom to King Alexander

[1] And in conversation
Sometimes unconsciously have I been guilty
Of putting on my hat; nor do I fear
To lose my head for it.

As I do to his Holiness the Pope.
This king, who was as ignorant of art
As Paul the Third, once visited Apelles,
And in his studio, in a kingly fashion,
Discoursed on art with so much ignorance
That the impatient artist cried: "I pray
Your Majesty be silent, for the boys
Grinding my colors are all laughing at you." [1]

VITTORIA

Our Michael Angelo would ne'er be guilty
Of such brutality.

MICHAEL ANGELO

One hardly knows
What crimes he may commit, until he feels
The provocation. Let us all thank God
We are not tempted.

MESSER CLAUDIO

Artists truly great
Are on a par with kings, nor would exchange
Their fate for that of any potentate.
They envy not the rich, but count themselves
Far richer than the richest. They perceive

[1] And in most kingly fashion criticised
His painting of a horse. A living horse
In passing neighed, as if he recognized
His fellow in the picture, and the artist
Turned to the king and said: "One would imagine
That horse to be a better judge of painting
Than is your Majesty."

VITTORIA

That was a rudeness
Passing all bounds even in the greatest artist!

The emptiness of life that those men lead
Who call themselves the mighty of the earth,
And all whose fame lies with them in their coffins.
Aye, prouder are they of some work of art
Brought to completion through long years of toil
Than any prince is of a conquered province.

VITTORIA

Give me your counsel, Messer Claudio;
Shall I now dare ask Michael Angelo
To enlighten me a little upon painting,
Or will it only give him an occasion
To show us that great men are humorsome?

MESSER CLAUDIO

My lady, he must make exception here,
And speak to us of painting, though he keep
His thought concealed from all the world beside,
Since you desire it.

MICHAEL ANGELO

If it be your pleasure
I shall obey.

VITTORIA

Since we have come so far
That even my slightest wishes are commands,
Tell us of Flemish painting. I confess,
More tender and devotional it seems
Than our Italian art.

MICHAEL ANGELO

The Flemish School
Suits better those who call themselves religious;
It brings the tears into their eyes, while ours

Leaves them unmoved. The cause of this lies not
In any greater power the paintings have,
But in the tender sensibilities
Of those who are so moved. This School best pleases
Old women and young girls, ecclesiastics
And people of quality, who have no feeling
For the true harmony of works of art.
The Netherlanders strive to please the eye
By painting some familiar, favorite subject
Well chosen for effect, some saint or prophet
Of whom no evil can be said, and, using
Carved woodwork, draperies of gold and silver,
Landscapes with trees and figures, level reaches
Of sand and sea, and windmills in the mist,
Whatever strikes as pretty, but possesses
Naught of true greatness or of genuine art;
Their paintings are without all power or meaning.
Only from Italy proceeds true art,
Made noble by the mind producing it;
For nothing makes the soul so pure and holy
As the endeavor to attain the highest.
God is perfection; and whoever strives
For what is perfect, strives for the divine.
Of this perfection art is but an image,
A shadow of the pencil that God paints with.
Therefore is art so rare, and they so few
Who can attain to it. In Italy
Alone can it be reached. No other masters,
Save one or two in Spain, can paint as we do.
Art has no country, since it comes from heaven,
But we possess it. Nowhere the old empire
Of Greece, the home of art, has left behind
Such traces of its glory as with us;
And ah ! with us true art will set forever.

MESSER FRANCESCO

It is no wonder that in Italy
Art flourishes. You have the ancient models;
At every step they thrust themselves upon you.
The land is full of masters that instruct you,
Of princes that protect you, and of minds
That understand you. Everything revolves
Round art; all honor is bestowed upon it,
And yet among your artists one alone
Has won the surname of Divine, and he
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA

Ah, now indeed
You seal the Master's lips. He will not speak
When you speak thus of him, and you must listen
To other voices. We are heirs of art;
We claim it as by Right Divine, and none
Can dispossess us of it. We are cradled
And nurtured in it, till it has become
A portion of our nature. All the land
Is bathed with it, as with an atmosphere
Of light and glory, and we breathe it in
With every breath, so that our sense of art
Is like the eye, that seeing not itself
Sees all things else, and we unconsciously
Think, feel, and speak as artists. This ennobles
The humblest life, and makes it beautiful.
It is the gift of God, and must be used
Unto his glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this. When Saint Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they won
The race at Gaza, for his benediction
O'erpowered all magic, and the people shouted
That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art

Which bears the consecration and the seal
Of holiness upon it, will prevail
Over all others.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*rising*)

These are noble words.
You lay your hand upon our lips, and silence
With a celestial song all further speech.
April 16, 1872.]

VITTORIA

Nay, ere you cease to speak, I pray you tell us
Of all the arts which the most perfect is,
The noblest and the highest.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Architecture.
Painting and sculpture are but images
And shadows merely, cast by outward things
On stone or canvas; having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture
Existing in itself, and not in seeming
A something it is not, surpasses them
As much as substances surpass their shadows.
It is the culmination of all art,
To which the others are but ornaments.
Long years ago, when first I came to Rome,
Standing one morning near the baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries like a ghost
Writhing in pain; and as it tore away
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips; and still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, Agesander,

And Polydorus, and Athenodorus,
Who wrought this miracle of ancient art.
Yet he beholds a nobler work than this
Who looks upon the temple of Poseidon
At Paestum, where it stands in solitude
Still gazing out to sea, as if it waited
For the old god to rise up from the waves
And the old Greeks come back to worship him.
If God should give me power in my old age
To build for him a temple half as fair
As this forgotten master's, I shall count
My age more excellent than my youth or manhood,
And all that I have hitherto accomplished
Esteem as vanity.

VITTORIA

Your words, dear Master,
Inspire me with new confidence to build.
Let us now go to the old walls I spake of.
April 18, 1872.]

Page 67. The following fragment of a scene appears to have been a first draft of a portion of that which just preceded.

VITTORIA

But wherefore, dear Maestro, would you paint me
Now I am old? This face of mine was fairer
When your Fra Bastian painted it; but now
It is not worth your labor.

MICHAEL ANGELO [1]

Time but helps us,

[1] When the light
Shines from the windows of another world
Upon the human face, the expression changes
To something more divine.

Time softens all the features. I have known
Faces that were not beautiful in youth
Grow beautiful with age; nay more, have known
Faces that were not beautiful in life
Made beautiful by death.

JULIA

Why speak of death?

MICHAEL ANGELO (*opening his portfolio*)

Because I am so near it, and am haunted
By that grim corsair, from whom none can flee
As you did from the Corsair Barbarossa,
Fair lady Julia.

VITTORIA

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.[1]

VITTORIA

Shall I relate to you a tale I heard
One Sunday in a sermon at the Convent
Of Santa Caterina in Viterbo?

MICHAEL ANGELO (*drawing*)

No; when I am at work I cannot listen
To tales or music. Let us talk awhile,
Or you and Lady Julia can resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

A pause

[1] This convent parlor with its lofty windows
Is like an artist's studio.

VITTORIA

While you draw,

Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
As Raphael died, and live forever young
In the world's memory, as Raphael lives,
And not to be remembered as old men
Tottering about in their decrepitude;
Were but our work well ended, and not left
For other hands to mar. When we are gone
Who will possess the world that we think ours?
What artists and what art will flourish then?
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours; our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces. Alas!
Our little lives complete themselves in outline
Flowing and fleeting, as a bridge's arch
Is rounded by its shadow in the water.

The convent bell rings; the Nuns are heard singing.

VITTORIA

It is the Angelus!

JULIA

Ave Maria!

Ora pro nobis.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Then my pleasant task
Is ended for the day.

JULIA

Alas, too soon;
Show me what you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*closing his portfolio*)

Not yet, dear Countess;
Some other time; not now; it is not finished.

May 18, 1872.]

APPENDIX

FRA BASTIAN'S GARDEN

Page 122. This scene was designed to follow the last, but was finally endorsed by the author: "Omit this. It jars upon the tone of the poem." As will be observed, it records the supper at which Michael Angelo declined to be a guest.

Night. A supper-table with lights under a trellis. FRA SEBASTIANO, BERNI, RABELAIS, *and others.*

RABELAIS

Give me some wine; for I have eaten enough
Of your wild boar, and porcupine, and fennel,
To make me dream more dreams and more fantastic
Than Pantagruel.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Monsieur Rabelais,
You cry out like your own Gargantua,
The moment he was born: "Some drink, some drink!"
As if inviting all the world to pledge him.

RABELAIS

I see you have been reading the good authors
And understand your Rabelais. Your supper
Is like the supper that Gargantua
Gave to Friar John.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Friar John, my noble cousin!
Friar John, my friend; Friar John in the devil's name,
Let me embrace thee!

RABELAIS

Drink, Fra Bastian, drink.
In the composing of my lordly book

I wasted and employed no other time
Than while I ate and drank. . That is the reason
It smells of wine more than it does of oil;
But how much more celestial and delicious
The smell of wine is than the smell of oil.

FRA SEBASTIANO

It smells of something worse than oil or wine.

RABELAIS

I must confess it is not over-clean;
No cleaner, for example, than your Rome
At the Ripetta stairs or in the Ghetto.
A wise man will not linger in such places,
But pass on to more stately avenues.
If you had read my Prologue with more care,
You would have found more marrow in the bone.
Like a court-fool, behind my mask of folly
I utter certain verities, which spoken
In soberness would bring me to the fagot.
Did not King David at the court of Achish
Feign himself mad, and scrabble on the gates,
And let the spittle run down on his beard?
Even you, Francesco Berni, have some sins
To answer for. You are not over-nice,
But call a spade a spade as well as others.

BERNI

I beat my breast, and do confess myself
The greatest of all sinners. [I repent me
And sin no more, because I write no more.
My greatest pleasure is to lie in bed,
And not do anything but count the nails
And knot-holes in the rafters over me!

RABELAIS

We all know that; you have described yourself
At full length in your poems, more than once.
You are a member of the Academy
Of the Vinedressers, and upon Olympus
Your name is the Cotógno or the Quince.

BERNI

That was long years ago, when I was young
And lived in Rome. Since then I have become
Canon of Florence, and in that fair town
I hope to live and die.] Now, pray you, tell us
The meaning of your book and of your people.
Who are Gargantua and Grangousier,
Friar John and Picrochole and Pantagruel,
And all the rest that revel through your pages?

RABELAIS

Not I indeed; for look you, here in Rome,
In this old rookery, that men call Rome,
Where monks and priests, God's ravens, congregate,
Flapping from every field, all other birds
Must imitate the cawing of the crow,
Or else must silent be; for if they utter
Their natural notes, they might perchance be found
Beneath the tree, next morning, claws in air.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Is it not so in Paris?

RABELAIS

Ah, my Paris!
What would the world be if there were no Paris?
A howling wilderness.

BERNI

The proverb says
That Paris is the Paradise of women,
The Purgatory of men, the Hell of horses.

RABELAIS

Aye verily, a whole Comedy Divine
If it were not so human. 'T is a town
To live in, not to die in.

FRA SEBASTIANO

City of sin!

RABELAIS

And of salvation. No man can be saved
Who has not been in Paris.

[FRA SEBASTIANO

Yet you say
Of the Parisians, somewhere in your book,
They are so fond by nature and besotted,
That any juggler, or a mule with bells,
Or a blind fiddler at a carrefour,
Will draw a greater crowd of folk together
Than the best preacher evangelical.

RABELAIS

Well, that is true of Paris.] But enough.
Now shall you hear a pleasant little song,
Written by that psalm-singing Lutheran
Clément Marot, a special friend of mine.
[He who rewrote the Romaunt of the Rose,
As you did the Orlando of Bojardo.]

BERNI

'T is said he hath recanted.

RABELAIS

Rather say
Hath been decanted, or poured back again
Into the ancient bottle. Now, attention.

To gallop off to town post haste,
So oft the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue and pursue it,
That 's a pious Christian deed,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it, but not he;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

BENVENUTO CELLINI *leaps the garden wall.*

FRA SEBASTIANO

What noise was that?

BERNI

Some one has leaped the wall
Into your flower-pots.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Ai, my hyacinths.

BERNI

A gentleman with a sword!

RABELAIS

Hey, dog in doublet!
Dost thou come hither wagging thy short tail?
Hence, villain! Grrrr!

FRA SEBASTIANO

Why, it is Benvenuto!

BENVENUTO

Good-evening, neighbors.

FRA SEBASTIANO

What wild prank is this?
You come to sup with us and bring your knife.
What is the matter now?

BENVENUTO (*seating himself*)

First, let me drink
A thimble-full of wine, and you shall hear.

[RABELAIS

Pray give the Signor Benvenuto time
To eat a morsel, for your proverb says
No bagpipe sounds until its belly is full.

BENVENUTO]

Thank you; enough. Hark!

FRA SEBASTIANO

Only some one passing
On horseback.

BENVENUTO

He has passed. Then all is safe.

FRA SEBASTIANO

There is no danger.

BENVENUTO

Some of you may know
That handsome vagabond Luigi Pulci,
Musician, poet, and adventurer,
Whom I so loved, and took into my house
And nursed when he was ill.

BERNI

I know him well.

FRA SEBASTIANO

I have heard Michael Angelo sometimes
Speak of his singing in the streets of Florence,
An improvisatore.

BENVENUTO

Aye, the same.
To show his gratitude for all my kindness,
This improvisatore stole from me
My fair Penthesilea; you remember,
The damsel by the Tiber, near the bridge
Saint Angelo. Her house stands opposite
Romolo's osteria, with its hedge
Of hawthorn round the garden.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Yes, indeed,
We all remember Romolo's, and often
Have we had suppers there, and roaring suppers,
As good as at the Falcon.

BERNI

Ariosto
Preferred the Falcon.

BENVENUTO

Well, to-night I went
Soon after sunset, thirsting for revenge,
Unto her house, but found no one at home.
She had gone forth to ride with her new lover.
The heavens were bright with stars, and here and there
The lamps from windows glimmered on the river,
And all was silent. I concealed myself
In the dark hedge-row.

RABELAIS

San Francisco's penance
Among the thorns!

BENVENUTO

Waited what seemed an hour,
Until I heard the tramp of horses' hoofs
And saw a cavalcade come down the street;
[Penthesilea and Luigi Pulci,
Surrounded by a multitude of friends;]
A Messer Benvegnato Perugino,
Chamberlain of the Pope; your gallant captains
Of the Pope's guard, and other brave young fellows,
Some dozen swords in all. The sharp thorns pricked me
And goaded me, as one might goad a bull,

Almost to madness, when I saw Luigi
Throw his arm round his fair Penthesilea,
And heard him saying to her, "One more kiss,
In spite of that foul traitor Benvenuto!"
Exasperated by the words, I leaped
From my concealment with uplifted sword,
And shouted, "Ye are dead men!" and the sword
Descending on the shoulder of Luigi
Glanced from a hidden coat-of-mail he wore,
And struck my lady's lip. Both fell together;
When a great uproar from the osteria
Frightened the horses; and two threw their riders,
And Benvegnato tumbled from his mule;
The rest took flight; and I, in the confusion,
Took to my heels, and ran through many streets,
Till hearing hoofs, and fearing I was followed,
I leaped your wall, and find myself at supper
Among good friends. Pardon the indiscretion.

FRA SEBASTIANO

The indiscretion is not now and here,
But elsewhere and before.

RABELAIS

Now, Ser Francesco,
What strange adventure or exploit of arms
Is there in your Orlando Innamorato
That can compare with this?

BERNI

Oh, nothing surely;
We must look for it in your own Friar John,
When with his convent cross of mountain ash
Sprinkled with worn and faded flowers-de-luce

He rushed to battle like a Paladin
And routed the rear-guard of Picrochole.

BENVENUTO

What are you talking of?

BERNI

For one, I pity
Penthesilea.

BENVENUTO

She deserves no pity.

BERNI

Achilles, when he slew Penthesilea,
Wept to behold how beautiful she was.
Can you not weep for yours?

BENVENUTO

Mine is not slain,
Nor need you be poetical about her.
Leave that to Pulci; he is sentimental.
And now will I creep homeward and to bed,
And sleep awhile, to start betimes to-morrow
Upon my way to Florence. So good-night
To all this honorable company.

[FRA SEBASTIANO

One glass before you go.

BENVENUTO

No more for me;
Not a drop more, I thank you. Wine fatigues me.
I do not like much wine.

FRA SEBASTIANO

At all events
You must not go alone.

BENVENUTO

Why not alone ?]

BERNI

You might perchance encounter on the way
Your phantom horseman.

FRA SEBASTIANO

All of us will go
And see you safe.

BERNI

And sing along the streets.
Music at night is sweet to those who make it,
And sweeter still to people in their beds
Who cannot sleep.

BENVENUTO

Friends, it is too much trouble.

FRA SEBASTIANO

Speak not of that.

BERNI

Fra Bastian, lead the way.
We follow you. Ah, poor Penthesilea!
January 1, 1874.]

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ANNA DEI FUNARI

Page 106. This scene, like other portions of the manuscript, was placed in a separate wrapper, which has on it the various

memoranda made to indicate the relation of the scene to the work, as, the ages of Vittoria and Michael Angelo respectively in the year 1547, with the further memorandum "Time of Paul III., Alessandro Farnese. Caraffa not yet Pope." It was endorsed: "This scene must be suppressed and another at Palazzo Cesarini substituted." Accordingly Scene vi. of Part Second was made a constituent part of the dramatic poem, and the one which now follows was rejected.

VITTORIA COLONNA; JULIA GONZAGA

JULIA

Vittoria!

VITTORIA

Dearest Julia! you in Rome?
Come to my arms, come to my heart once more!

JULIA

Ah, let me look at you. How pale you are,
And suffering.

VITTORIA

No, not suffering; only dying.
You give me life again. What joy it is
To see your face, to hear your voice once more!
You bring with you a breath of youth and gladness.
When did you come to Rome?

JULIA

But yesterday;
And come to find you hidden in a convent.
But that doth not surprise me, for I know
Your fondness for these melancholy places
Which are to me unfriendly and repulsive.

VITTORIA

How glad I am that you have come to-day
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you.

JULIA

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA

Always; and most of all to-day and now.

JULIA

And for what reason?

VITTORIA

Sit down here beside me
And I will tell you.

JULIA

Now shall I play the part
Of your confessor, as you have been mine
So many times. You are absolved already.

VITTORIA

Do you remember, Julia, when we walked
One afternoon upon the garden terrace
At Ischia, and Fra Bernardino came
And interrupted our long conversation?

JULIA

Well I remember it, but it seems to me
Something unreal, that has never been,
That I have only read of in a book
Or heard from some one else.

VITTORIA

Ten years and more
Have passed since then, and many things have happened
In those ten years. How many friends are dead:
Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA

Oh, do not speak that name! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now as it o'ercame me then.
Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I should forget,
While I forget the things I should remember.

VITTORIA (*embracing* JULIA)

Forgive me, dearest Julia! Never more
Will I awaken in your memory
A thought that gives you pain. Now let us speak
Of one who was the friend of both of us,
The good Fra Bernardino. He is gone,
Has fled from Italy and crossed the Alps,
Being in terror of the Inquisition
That summoned him to Rome, for having preached
That he who made us all without our help
Could save us without any aid of ours.

JULIA

How pitiless is Caraffa!

VITTORIA

Yes; he sits
For hours together with his friends at table,

Drinking the black and fiery wine of Naples
And cursing heretics. He has brought down
Into the dust the house of the Colonna,
Has seized upon our castles and domains,
And given them to his nephews, calling us
Rebels to God and to the Roman Church.

JULIA

You frighten me. I dare not stay in Rome
Where such foul deeds are done.

VITTORIA

You have your castle
For refuge in these evil days, but I,
This convent only.

JULIA

Fly with me to Fondi.
We will live o'er again our happy days,
And teach our memories to forget the past.
The air is purer there, and we can breathe
More freely than in Rome.

VITTORIA

Impossible!
I am a shadow. Look at me; these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite,
All beauty gone from them. Do you remember
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That Fra Bastiano was to paint your portrait?

JULIA

Yes, I remember it.

VITTORIA

Then chide me now;
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, and faded, and forlorn,
I have at last consented to the wishes
Of Michael Angelo to draw my face;
'T was not from vanity that I consented,
But from the love I bear to this great artist.

JULIA

How glad I am! 'T will be a portrait of you
Such as has not been painted. We shall all
Quarrel to have it.

VITTORIA

What o'olock is it?

JULIA

Not far from noon.

VITTORIA

Then he will soon be here.

JULIA

You should make ready for him.

VITTORIA

I am ready.

JULIA

What, in this poor attire?

VITTORIA

I have no other.
These are the garments I have always worn
Since I am in the convent.

JULIA

This white wimple,
That hides your hair? This sable robe of serge
That makes you seem a nun?

VITTORIA

'T is not my dress
That he would paint, but me. Just as I am
Shall he portray me. Would you have me send
For silks and satins, and array myself
In gaudy colors, as if I were young
And beautiful, as you are? This apparel
Becomes my face. They both are worn and faded,
And tell the story of a life consumed
In vigils, and in fastings of the soul;
And thus will I be painted. Hark! I hear
A footstep in the passage.

JULIA

It is his.
No nun or lady Abbess ever walked
The corridor with such a step as that.
Shall I retire?

VITTORIA

No; stay and talk with me.
The portrait will be better for your presence.

JULIA

Then I will stay; and yet I shall not speak.
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were made
Out of a different clay from other mortals,
Or were inhabitants of another planet.

May 16, 1872.]

APPENDIX

THE LAST SCENE.

Page 161. This scene, so entitled, was at first designed to close the poem of "Michael Angelo," but the author afterward marked it to be omitted, choosing either to let the poem end with the scene in the studio or failing to supply a new finale.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *bedroom*. MICHAEL ANGELO, TOMMASO CAVALIERE, DANIELE DA VOLTERRA, FEDERIGO DONATI, ASCANIO.

CAVALIERE (*aside*)

How is the Master?

DONATI

Very near to death.

CAVALIERE

Is there no hope?

DONATI

None. Death comes on apace.
His fever has abated, but it leaves him
Exhausted of all strength. I am ashamed
That all my boasted art cannot restore
Nor lengthen out his life.

VOLTERRA

No pharmacy
Can cure old age. There is no remedy
For that disease but death.

CAVALIERE

Is he asleep?

DONATI

Sometimes he sleeps awhile, then suddenly
Rouses himself, and falls asleep again.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Has Leonardo come?

VOLTERRA

Not yet.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Ah me!
How long he is in coming.

CAVALIERE

But consider,
The way is long from Florence here to Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Volterra? Cavaliere? are you here?

VOLTERRA

We are both near you.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I am thankful to you.
Give me your hands. Let me die thus between you.
I who once boasted that I had no friends, —
And needed none, — I need you now and have you.

CAVALIERE

Always, and more than ever, now your friends.

MICHAEL ANGELO

If my rough speech hath given you offence

At any time, or if at any time
In thought or word or action I have wronged you,
Forgive me.

CAVALIERE

There is nothing to forgive.
You have been always kind and generous
To both of us.

MICHAEL ANGELO

[All the foreshortened past
Seems to me now but as a single point.
The boy, that five and seventy years ago
Chiselled the Faun's Head in Lorenzo's gardens
Has come to this.] Remember my last words.
Do nothing in the day that should prevent
Your prayers at night. The gates of heaven may close
Unless with outstretched hands you keep them open.

VOLTERRA

We will remember it.

MICHAEL ANGELO

The ninety years
Of my long life collapse and fall together,
Like tents of soldiers, who are breaking camp
When the long war is over. What to me
In this supreme, inevitable hour
Are all my works of sculpture and of painting?
They seem to me but as the books and slates
That school-boys leave behind them, when the door
Is opened, and they rush into the air.

CAVALIERE

Yours are immortal works.

MICHAEL ANGELO

O flatterer!
Think you to soothe me with such idle words?
The soul alone, and what is of the soul
Can be immortal. All the rest is dust.
What occupation will be found for me,
What work can I do in the other world,
I, who in this world have consumed my days
In hewing stone, and painting walls of plaster?

[VOLTERRA

You have created forms of power and beauty
That show the utmost limits of all art,
And like the Pillars of Hercules will stand
As landmarks and as signals, that henceforward
No man shall venture farther on that sea.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Shall I build up aërial palaces
And churches in the air? or shape the statues
Of Saints and Martyrs in the marble clouds?

He sleeps.]

DONATI

Disturb him not, for death is close upon him.
Look at his hands. See how his thumbs drop down
And hide themselves beneath his palms.

CAVALIERE

I see it.
What doth it mean, Donati?

DONATI

'T is a sign
Of near-approaching death.

VOLTERRA

The grand old man!
With what becoming dignity he enters
The unknown world, as if he had been sent
As an ambassador from earth to heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO

A sound is in my ears as of the sea.
This is Carrara; this is the white crag
I would have fashioned into human shape,
Colossal, looking seaward, as a mark
For mariners to sail by. Was it, think you,
A foolish thought?

CAVALIERE

Nay, 't was a noble one;
As all your thoughts have been.

MICHAEL ANGELO

I am too old
To do it now. My thoughts are elsewhere turned.

CAVALIERE

Yes, you have done enough; your work is ended;
You may repose in peace, nor feel regret
At what is left undone for other hands.

[MICHAEL ANGELO

The saddest thing in dying is to leave
One's work unfinished. If now from this window
Mine eyes could see, against the evening sky
Saint Peter's dome, as in my mind I see it,
Then should I die content.

CAVALIERE

Your work is ended.

MICHAEL ANGELO

One of these days I shall go back to Florence.
See to it that Saint Peter's church be finished
According to my plans.

CAVALIERE

We promise it;
So far as in us lies, it shall be done.]

MICHAEL ANGELO

My soul to God; my body to the earth;
My worldly goods unto my next of kin;
My memory — to the keeping of — my friends.
[*Dies.*

DONATI

What is the hour?

VOLTERRA

'T is near the hour of vespers.
Hark! listen!

Nuns singing in a neighboring convent.

Miserere Domina.

March 3, 1874.]

APPENDIX

II

UNACKNOWLEDGED AND UNCOLLECTED TRANSLATIONS

The history of Mr. Longfellow's work in translation has been given in the Introductory Note to the "Translations" in the present volume. As indicated there, a number of poems were contributed by Mr. Longfellow to periodicals as well as to his two collections, "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" and "Poems of Places," which were signed by him, but for some reason were not included in any of the volumes of poetry which he put forth from time to time. Such poems have been recovered and placed in their proper groups in the present volume. Beside these signed poems, however, there are a number which may be traced without question to Mr. Longfellow's pen, and in accordance with the plan of this edition they have been reserved for the Appendix, and are here given with references to their previous publication.

LET ME GO WARM

BY LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE

Published in the "New England Magazine," July, 1831, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things, —
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;

Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:
I cross, without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart, —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

BY LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE

Printed in the article on "Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry," in the "North American Review," April, 1832.

To-day from the Aurora's bosom
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom:
And oh, how glorious rests the hay
On which the fallen blossom lay.

When silence gently had unfurled
Her mantle over all below,
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
Amid the gloom descending slow,
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
(Aurora fair) within her breast,
She gave to earth, yet still possessed
Her virgin blossom as before:
The hay that colored drop caressed, —
Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower, — a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 't was given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold, —
A downy couch, — where on its bosom
That flower had fallen, — that crimson blossom.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

BY LUIS PONCE DE LEON

Printed in the article on "Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry," in the "North American Review" for April, 1832. In "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," Mr. Longfellow gave the same poem in Sir John Bowring's translation.

Lady! thine upward flight
The opening heavens receive with joyful song:
Blest, who thy garments bright
May seize, amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are there:
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou, — peerless Queen of air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

Celestial dove! so meek
And mild and fair! — oh, let thy peaceful eye
This thorny valley seek,
Where such sweet blossoms lie,
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sigh.

For if the imprisoned soul
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
'T would own its sweet control
And gently pass away,
Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Alma bella! que en este oscuro velo
Cubriste un tiempo tu vigor luciente.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

Printed in the "New England Magazine," October, 1831.

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky;
In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!
He that chastised thee did at length unclose
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release; —
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.
Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there, —
An earthly vapor melting into air; —
For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

IDEAL BEAUTY

Serena luz, presente en quien espira
Divino amor, que enciende y junto enfrena.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

Printed in the "New England Magazine," December, 1831.

O Light serene! present in him who breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
The high-born soul — that in its mortal chains
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!
A voice that breathes angelic harmony
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!
What marvellous beauty! Of the high estate
Of immortality, within this light
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;
And in the glorious form, I contemplate
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight),
The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Rojo sol, que con hacha luminosa
Coloras el purpureo y alto cielo.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

Published in the "New England Magazine," December, 1831.

Bright Sun! that, flaming through the midday sky,
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?
Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch,
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,
Tresses of gold, that can delight so much?
Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire —
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?

ART AND NATURE

(*El Arte y la Naturaleza*)

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

First published in the "New England Magazine" for October, 1832, and afterward in the "Coplas de Manrique" volume.

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But oh! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills, that bound the sylvan scene,
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay, —
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

APPENDIX

THE TWO HARVESTS

(*Las dos Mieses*)

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

First published in the "New England Magazine" for November, 185- and afterward in the "Coplas de Manrique" volume.

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
And what are we? a copy of that race,
The later harvest of a longer year!
And oh! how many fall before the ripened ear!

CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT

(*O claro honor del liquido elemento*)

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

Printed in the "New England Magazine," August, 1833.

CLEAR honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows green,
With gentle step, and murmur of content!
When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
Beholds herself in thee, — then Love doth trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
Then, smoothly flow as now; and set not free
The crystal curb and undulating rein
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain;
Lest, broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

APPENDIX

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

BY JUAN RUIZ DE HITA

Published in "Spanish Language and Literature" in the "North American Review," April, 1833, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

I WISH to make my sermon brief, — to shorten my oration, —
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women, — suits at law without procrastination, —
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he 's a fool who 's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I'll praise the little women, and you 'll find the thing amusing:
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They 're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;
They 're gay and pleasant in the street, — soft, cheerful, and engaging;

They 're thrifty and discreet at home, — the cares of life assuaging:
All this and more; — try, and you 'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says, — *A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her, —
There 's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there 's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays, —
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat, —

A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There 's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth, — our greatest consolation, —
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she 's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less, — said a wise man of the East:
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

MILAGROS DE NUESTRA SEÑORA

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

A passage from the Introduction of the poem, given in the article on "Spanish Language and Literature" in the "North American Review," April, 1833, and in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side:
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide, —
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple, seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours:
Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze:
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung:
Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

SONG OF THE RHINE

Published in the series of papers entitled "The Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster" in the "Knickerbocker Magazine." The number containing this translation from a German popular song was that for September, 1834.

FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep
Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,
And joined in youthful company
Its fellow travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,
And strengthened by each rushing tide,
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp
The satraps of his power,
The current's flowing veins unclasped —
He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke
On that rebellious day,
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,
Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leck, and Wecht, all, all
Flowed sidewards, o'er the land,
And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall.
The Rhine sank in sand.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE

(Elegie in den Ruinen eines alten Bergschlosses geschrieben)

BY FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON

Published in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

SILENT, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.
Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
'Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between,
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye

Once the noblest son of Germany;
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
Oh, be worthy of thy father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth, —
To his father's glad, yet tearful face, —
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

Oh, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right hand mute extending,
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
Oh, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.

Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
  Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
  The remembrance of his fierce delight.

Oh, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
  Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
  Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
  When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
  And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these, — the mighty!
  Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
  Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered, —
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
  O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
  Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
  Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
  All that earth doth bear, to empty night!
Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
  Urns devoted unto Memory,
  And the songs of Immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
  Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
  When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.

Friends at evening part with warm embraces, —
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces ;
Even the joys that Love and Friendship find
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

THE STARS

BY MARTIN OPITZ

Heretofore unpublished.

Night comes stealing from the East,
Frees from labor man and beast,
Brings to all the wished-for rest,
And the sorrow to my breast.

Shines the moonlight clear and cold,
Shine the little stars of gold;
Glad are all things far and wide; —
I alone in grief abide.

Two are missing, two in vain
Seek I in the starry train;
And these stars that do not rise
Are my darling's lovely eyes.

Naught I heed the moonlight clear,
Dim to me the stars appear,
Since is hidden from my sight
Kunigund, my heaven of light.

But when in their splendor shine
Over me those suns divine,
Then it seemeth best to me
Neither moon nor stars should be.

RONDEL

BY CHARLES D'ORLÉANS

Printed in "Origin and Progress of the French Language," in the "North American Review," April, 1831, and afterward in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye,
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to me!
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy!

THE BANKS OF THE CHER

BY ANTOINE-MARIN LE MIÈRRE

This and the four poems that follow were contributed to "Poems of Places."

In that province of our France
Proud of being called its garden,
In those fields where once by chance
Pepin's father with his lance
Made the Saracen sue for pardon;
There between the old château
Which two hundred years ago
Was the centre of the League,
Whose infernal, black intrigue
Almost fatal was, 't is reckoned,
To young Francis, called the Second,
And that pleasant city's wall
Of this canton capital,
City memorable in story,
And whose fruits preserved with care
Make the riches and the glory
Of the gourmands everywhere! —
Now, a more prosaic head
Without verbiage might have said,
There between Tours and Amboise
In the province of Touraine;
But the poet, and with cause,
Loves to ponder and to pause;
Ever more his soul delighteth
In the language that he writeth,
Finer far than other people's;

So, while he describes the steeples,
One might travel through Touraine,
Far as Tours and back again.

On the borders of the Cher
Is a valley green and fair,
Where the eye, that travels fast,
Tires with the horizon vast;
There, since five and forty lustres,
From the bosom of the stream,
Like the castle of a dream,
High into the fields of air
The château of Chenonceaux
Lifts its glittering vanes in clusters.
Six stone arches of a bridge
Into channels six divide
The swift river in its flow,
And upon their granite ridge
Hold this beautiful château,
Flanked with turrets on each side.
Time, that grand old man with wings,
Who destroys all earthly things,
Hath not tarnished yet one stone,
White as ermine is alone,
Of this palace of dead kings.

One in speechless wonder sees
In the rampart-walls of Blois,
To the shame of the Valois,
Marble stained with blood of Guise;
By the crimes that it can show,
By its war-beleaguered gates,
Famous be that black château;
Thou art famous for thy fêtes
And thy feastings, Chenonceaux!

Ah, most beautiful of places,
With what pleasure thee I see;
Everywhere the selfsame traces,
Residence of all the Graces
And Love's inn and hostelry!

Here that second Agrippina,
The imperious Catharina,
Jealous of all pleasant things,
To her cruel purpose still
Subjugating every will,
Kept her sons as underlings
Fastened to her apron-strings.

Here, divested of his armor,
As gallant as he was brave,
Francis First to some fair charmer
Many an hour of dalliance gave.
Here, beneath these ceilings florid,
Chose Diana her retreat, —
Not Diana of the groves
With the crescent on her forehead,
Who, as swiftest arrow fleet,
Flies before all earthly loves;
But that charming mortal dame,
She the Poitevine alone,
She the Second Henry's flame,
Who with her celestial zone
Loves and Laughters made secure
From banks of Cher to banks of Eure.

Cher, whose stream, obscure and troubled,
Flowed before with many a halt,
By this palace is ennobled,
Since it bathes its noble vault.

Even the boatman, hurrying fast,
Pauses, mute with admiration
To behold a pile so vast
Rising like an exhalation
From the stream; and with his mast
Lowered salutes it, gliding past.

TO THE FOREST OF GASTINE

(*A la Forest de Gastine*)

BY PIERRE DE RONSARD

Stretched in thy shadows I rehearse,
Gastine, thy solitudes,
Even as the Grecians in their verse
The Erymanthian woods.

For I, alas! cannot conceal
From any future race
The pleasure, the delight, I feel
In thy green dwelling-place.

Thou who beneath thy sheltering bowers
Dost make me visions see;
Thou who dost cause that at all hours
The Muses answer me;

Thou who from each importunate care
Dost free me with a look,
When lost I roam I know not where
Conversing with a book!

Forever may thy thickets hold
The amorous brigade

Of Satyrs and of Sylvans bold,
That make the Nymphs afraid;

In thee the Muses evermore
Their habitation claim,
And never may thy woods deplore
The sacrilegious flame.

FONTENAY

(*Des Louanges de la Vie Champêtre*)

BY GUILLAUME AMFRYE DE CHAULIEU

O AMIABLE solitude,
Sojourn of silence and of peace!
Asylum where forever cease
All tumult and inquietude!

I, who have chanted many a time
To tender accents of my lyre
All that one suffers from the fire
Of love and beauty in its prime, —

Shall I, whose gratitude requites
All blessing I from thee receive, —
Shall I, unsung, in silence leave
Thy benefactions and delights?

Thou bringest back my youthful dream;
Calmest my agitated breast,
And of my idleness and rest
Makest a happiness extreme.

Amid these hamlets and these woods
Again do I begin to live,
And to the winds all memory give
Of sorrows and solicitudes.

. . . . . .

What smiling pictures and serene
Each day reveals to sight and sense,
Of treasures with which Providence
Embellishes this rural scene!

How sweet it is in yonder glade
To see, when noonday burns the plain,
The flocks around the shepherd swain
Reposing in the elm-tree's shade!

To hear at eve our flageolets
Answered by all the hills around,
And all the villages resound
With hautbois and with canzonets!

Alas! these peaceful days, perforce,
With too great swiftness onward press;
My indolence and idleness
Are powerless to suspend their course.

Old age comes stealing on apace;
And cruel Death shall soon or late
Execute the decree of fate
That gives me to him without grace.

O Fontenay! forever dear!
Where first I saw the light of day,
I soon from life shall steal away
To sleep with my forefathers here.

Ye Muses, that have nourished me
In this delightful spot of earth;
Beautiful trees, that saw my birth,
Ere long ye too my death shall see!

Meanwhile let me in patience wait
Beneath thy shadowy woods, nor grieve
That I so soon their shade must leave
For that dark manor desolate,

Whither not one shall follow me
Of all these trees that my own hand
Hath planted, and for pastime planned,
Saving alone the cypress-tree!

PRAY FOR ME

BY CHARLES-HUBERT MILLEVOYE

In the hamlet desolate,
Brooding o'er his woes in vain,
Lay a young man, doomed by fate,
Wasted by disease and pain.
"People of the chaumière,"
Said he, "'t is the hour of prayer;
Ringing are the bells! all ye
Who are praying, pray for me!

"When you see the waterfall
Covered with dark boughs in spring,
You will say, 'He 's free from all,
All his pain and suffering.'
Then returning to this shore
Sing your simple plaint once more,

And when ring the bells, all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Falsehood I could not endure,
Was the enemy of hate;
Of an honest life and pure
The end approaches, and I wait.
Short my pilgrimage appears;
In the spring-time of my years
I am dying; and all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Best of friends and only friend,
Worthy of all love and praise,
Thine my life was to the end;
Ah, 't was but a life of days.
People of the chaumière,
Pity, at the hour of prayer,
Her who comes with bended knee,
Saying also, Pray for me!"

VIRE

(*Vire et les Virois*)

BY GUSTAVE LE VAVASSEUR

It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!
For a poet of Normandy the Low
It is good to rhyming go!
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

Do you know one Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire;
And turned very well a roundelay,
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
To the sick he used to say,
Never drink bad wine, my dear!"
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire.

Do you know one Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire;
The taste of dry and sweet he knew;
Do you know this Master Le Houx?
From the holly boughs his name he drew
Which as tavern-signs one sees appear.
Do you know this Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire.

Do you know one Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire;
He only fulled his tub they say;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
As to his trade, it was only play;
He knew how to sing and drink and leer;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire.

Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy;
Every good rhymer knows to-day
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet.
Dame Reason throws her cap away
If the rhyme well chosen be;
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace and Tavern and Poesy.

Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.
'T is not the home of a godlike race,
Vire is a delicious place;
But what gives it its crowning grace
Is the peace that there comes down.
Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.

There are taverns by the score,
And solid are the drinkers there.
More than in Evreux of yore,
There are taverns by the score.
One sees there empty brains no more,
But empty glasses everywhere.
There are taverns by the score,
And solid are the drinkers there.

'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,
And mother of the Vaudeville:
Lawyers as cupbearers throng,
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song.
The fullers pierce the puncheons strong,
The doctors drink abroad their fill;
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,
And mother of the Vaudeville.

It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!
For a poet of Normandy the Low,
It is good to rhyming go!
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

A FLORENTINE SONG

From the "Tancia" of Michael Angelo, Act 1. Sc. 4. This and the five poems that follow are from Mr. Longfellow's article, "History of the Italian Language and Dialects," in the "North American Review," October, 1832. The first four were also published in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe."

If I am fair, 't is for myself alone,
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
For surely I will plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why then, I do confess, the whim might seize me,
To taste for once the porringer of love.
Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;
And then that mouth! — he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,
Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there 's one I *like* so well,
That when he looks at me my bosom starts,
And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell;
And the green fields around, when he departs,
Seem like a nest, from which the bird has flown;
Can this be love? — say — ye who love have known!

A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET

One morning, on the seashore as I strayed,
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;
I asked of yonder mariners, who said
They saw it in thy bosom, — worn by thee.
And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
For I have none, and thou, alas! hast two;
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do? —
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

One of the Neapolitan "Pastorali de' Zampognari."

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'T was night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light
Was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land;
The lion fed beside the tender lamb;
And with the kid,
To pasture led,
The spotted leopard fed;
In peace, the calf and bear,
The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
Appeared in air,
And gently said,
Fear not, — be not afraid,
For lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise.

A SOLDIER'S SONG

Paraphrase of a Neapolitan popular song.

"Who knocks, — who knocks at my door,
Who knocks, and who can it be?"
"Thy own true love, betrothed forever,
So open the door to me."

"My mother is not at home,
So I cannot open to thee."
"Why make me wait so long at the gate,
For mercy's sake, open to me."

"Thou canst not come in so late,
From the window I 'll listen to thee."
"My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,
So open the door to me."

TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU PRETTY BEE

BY GIOVANNI MELI

Tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be?
Not a neighboring mountain height
Yet blushes with the morning light;
Still the dew on spray and blossom
Trembling shines in the meadow's bosom;
Why do I see thee, then, unfold
Thy soft and dainty wings of gold;—
Those little wings are weary quite,
Still thou holdest thy onward flight,—
Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be.

Thou seekest honey?— if it be so,
Fold up thy wings,— no farther go;
I 'll show thee a safe and sacred spot,
Where all the year round 't will fail thee not.
Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh,—
Her of the bright and beaming eye?
Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,
Honied stores upon her lip.
On those lips of brightest red,
Lips of the beloved maid,
Sweetest honey lies for thee;—
Sip it,— sip it;— this is she.

SICILIAN CANZONET

What shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,
I burn, — I burn, — I can no more!
I know not how the thing befell me,
But I 'm in love, and all is o'er.
One look, — alas! one glance of thine,
One single glance my death shall be;
Even this poor heart no more is mine,
For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

How shall I then my grief repress,
How shall this soul in anguish live?
I fear a *no*, — desire a *yes*, —
But which the answer thou wilt give?
No, — Love, — not so deceived am I;
Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,
And no tyrannic cruelty
Within that gentle bosom lies.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say
If I must know thy love or hate;
Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,
But speak, — be quick, — I cannot wait.
Quick, — I entreat thee; — if not so,
This weary soul no more shall sigh; —
So tell me quickly, — *yes* or *no*,
Which, — which shall be my destiny?

THE GLEANER OF SAPRI

BY LUIGI MERCANTINI

Published in the Supplement to "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." "This poet," says Mr. Longfellow, "is a professor in the University of Palermo. The following simple and striking poem from his pen has reference to the ill-fated expedition of Carlo Pisacane, on the shores of the kingdom of Naples in the summer of 1857, in which, says Dall' Ongaro, 'he fell with his followers like Leonidas with his three hundred.'"

THEY were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!
One morning as I went to glean the grain,
I saw a bark in middle of the main;
It was a bark came steaming to the shore,
And hoisted for its flag the tricolor.
At Ponza's isle it stopped beneath the lea,
It stayed awhile, and then put out to sea,
Put out to sea, and came unto our strand;
Landed with arms, but not as foemen land.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

Landed with arms, but not as foemen land,
For they stooped down and kissed the very sand.
And one by one I looked them in the face;
A tear and smile in each one I could trace!
"Thieves from their dens are these," some people said,
And yet they took not even a loaf of bread!
I heard them utter but a single cry:
"We for our native land have come to die!"
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

With eyes of azure, and with hair of gold,
A young man marched in front of them; and bold
I made myself, and having seized his hand,
Asked him, "Where goest, fair captain of the band?"
He looked at me and answered, "Sister mine,
I go to die for this fair land of thine!"
I felt my heart was trembling through and through,
Nor could I say to him, "God comfort you!"
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

That morning I forgot to glean the grain,
And set myself to follow in their train.
Twice over they encountered the gens-d'armes,
Twice over they despoiled them of their arms;
But when we came before Certosa's wall
We heard the drums beat and the trumpets call,
And 'mid the smoke, the firing, and the glare,
More than a thousand fell upon them there.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

They were three hundred, and they would not fly;
They seemed three thousand, and they wished to die,
But wished to die with weapons in their hands;
Before them ran with blood the meadow lands.
I prayed for them, but ere the fight was o'er,
Swooned suddenly away, and looked no more;
For in their midst I could no more behold
Those eyes of azure and that hair of gold!
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

III

NOTES TO THE POEMS IN THIS VOLUME

Page 17.

And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait.

[In 1553 Cardinal Ippolito de Medici sent Sebastian with an armed force to paint the portrait of Julia Gonzaga. It was accomplished in a month and sent to Francis I. of France.

"The real portrait of Giulia Gonzaga is supposed to exist in two different collections. In the National Gallery, we have the likeness of a lady in the character of Saint Agatha, as symbolized by a nimbus and pincers. Natural pose and posture and dignified mien indicate rank. The treatment is free and bold, but the colors are not blended with the care which Sebastian would surely have bestowed in such a case. In the Staedel Museum at Frankfort, the person represented is of a noble and elegant carriage, seated, in rich attire, and holding a fan made of feathers. A pretty landscape is seen through an opening, and a rich green hanging falls behind the figure. The handling curiously reminds us of Bronzino. It is well known that the likeness of Giulia was sent to Francis the First in Paris, and was registered in Lépicié's catalogue. The canvas of the National Gallery was purchased from the Borghese Palace, the panel at Frankfort from the heirlooms of the late king of Holland. A third female portrait by Del Piombo deserves to be recorded in connection with this inquiry, — that of Lord Radnor at Longford Castle, in which a lady with a crimson mantle and pearl head-dress stands in profile, resting her hands on the back of a chair. On a shawl

which falls from the chair we read, '*Sunt laquei veneris cave.*' The shape is slender as that of Vittoria Colonna in the Sant-angelo Palace at Naples, but the color is too brown in light and too red in shadow to yield a pleasing effect, and were it proved that this is really Giulia Gonzaga the picture would not deserve Vasari's eulogy." — Crowe and Cavalcaselle: "History of Painting in North Italy."]

Page 24.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me.

[The Last Judgment was begun in 1534 when Paul III., Alessandro Farnese, was pope.]

Page 24.

The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre.

[Julius II., who became pope in 1503. The Julius who appears in this poem is Julius III.]

Page 27. San Silvestro.

[A miniature painter, Francesco d' Ollanda, was sent to Italy between 1530 and 1540 by the king of Portugal, and wrote an account of his experience. In this account he describes two Sundays which he spent with Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna at San Silvestro. His narrative, which is given by Grimm in his "Life of Michael Angelo," II. 293-305, furnished Mr. Longfellow the material from which to construct this scene, and the fuller one for which it was substituted.]

Page 59.

The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

[Vittoria Colonna was born in 1490, betrothed to the Marquis de Pescara in 1495, and married to him in 1509. Pescara was killed in fighting against the French under the walls of Ravenna in 1512. It is not known when or where Vittoria Colonna first met Michael Angelo, but all authori-

ties agree that it must have been about the year 1536, when he was over sixty years of age. She did not escape the espionage of the Inquisition, but was compelled in 1541 to fly to the convent at Viterbo. Three years later, she went to the convent of Benedictines of Saint Anne in Rome, and just before her death, in 1547, she was taken to the house of Giuliano Cesarini, the husband of Giulia Colonna, her only relative in Rome. It was after she fled to the convent that she began to write sonnets to and receive them from Michael Angelo, whose love for her was not capable of being concealed. Harford, in his "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti," includes a life also of Vittoria Colonna.]

Page 79.

It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon
That I had slain.

[See the seventh chapter of "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini" for his narrative of this incident.]

Page 100.

The color of Titian
With the design of Michael Angelo.

["His real name was Jacopo Robusti. His father was a dyer (in Italian, *Tintore*); hence he received in childhood the diminutive nickname *Il Tintoretto*. . . . The dyer sent him to study under Titian. This did not avail him much, for that most excellent painter was by no means a good instructor, and it is said that he became jealous of the progress of Tintoretto, or perhaps required more docility. Whatever might be the cause, he expelled him from his academy, saying, somewhat rashly, that 'he would never be anything but a dauber.' Tintoretto did not lose courage; he pursued his studies, and after a few years set up an academy of his own, and on the wall of his painting-room he placed the following inscription, as being expressive of the principles he intended to follow: *Il disegno di Michel Agnolo; il colorito di Tiziano.*" — Mrs. Jameson: "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters."]

Page 119.

They complain
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

[Grimm, II. 415, relates this bout between Michael Angelo and the cardinals.]

Page 138. *And ah! that casting.*

[Cellini gives an animated account of this incident in the forty-first chapter of his "Memoirs."]

Page 175. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the "Glosa del Cartujo." There is also a prose commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life that thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

Page 228. The Children of the Lord's Supper.

There is one poem in this volume to which a few introductory remarks may be useful.[1] It is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an idyll, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village, and belongs to the same class of poems as the "Luise" of Vose and the "Hermann und Dorothea" of Goethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated, and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple. There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and as if by magic the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fanlike branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the vil-

[1] It will be observed that the note here given originally stood as Introduction to the poem when it was first published. See *ante*, p. 215.

lages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons, — an heirloom, — to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine-bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant-women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch-bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little Garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They

all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard

there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding-guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding-guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage-feast, as he was at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the

magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding-guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the

Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.[1]

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,

Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town

[1] Titles of Swedish popular tales.

From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and further north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

Page 229. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

In Swedish, *Lof hyddohogtiden*, the Leafhuts'-high-tide.

Page 230. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 231. *Wallín.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 252. *Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish admiral, and Peder Wessel, a vice-admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 307. THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland, — the representative of the heart of the people, — one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'aouzel us*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses, — some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

. . . . . .

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orléans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:

Brabes Gascons !
A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre :
Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de bous beyre :
Aproucha bous !

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and knick-knacks and jewels of all descriptions, offered to him by lady-ambassadresses and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis,' and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furore*, a caprice, after

all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Me cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil; it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,' — a few verses of 'Francouneto.' 'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not in such running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping, — I would make you die with distress for my poor Margaridо, — my pretty Francouneto!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of

ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal; certain it is that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems re-illumined.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology, — only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry

of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all: they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my Francouneto! there are no poets in France now, — there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon, — how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!'

. . . . . .

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed 'Jasmin a Londres;' being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over Modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He enquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he

had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orléans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naiveté;* and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, 'Nonsense, — don't you see they are in tears?' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and in the course of it he told me he had been by some accused of vanity. 'Oh,' he rejoined, 'what would you have! I am a child of Nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.'"

Page 321. A Christmas Carol.

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's "Coup d'Œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne," to the Paris edition of "Les Noels Bourguignons de Bernard de la Mennoye" (Gui Barôzai), 1842.

"Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearthstone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity, — *non qualitas, sed quantitas;* then (to finish at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as

possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the "Suche" (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel' (for with children one must always personify) 'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides: it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors (the Christmas Candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less

piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, "Rossignon." The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. "Rossignon" then goes on merrily, — sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the "Suche," or Yule-log is thus defined:

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, 'lai Suche de Noel.' Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

IV

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

In the following list the poems are set down under date of the years in which they were composed. When the date of composition is undetermined, the poem, marked by an asterisk, is placed against the year of its publication. Translations are distinguished by italics.

1820. The Battle of Lovell's Pond.
1824. To Ianthe.
Thanksgiving.
Autumnal Nightfall.
Italian Scenery.
An April Day.
Autumn.
Woods in Winter.
1825. The Lunatic Girl.
The Venetian Gondolier.
The Angler's Song.
Sunrise on the Hills.
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.
Lover's Rock.
Dirge over a Nameless Grave.
A Song of Savoy.
The Indian Hunter.
Ode written for the Commemoration at Fryeburg, Maine, of Lovewell's Fight.
Jeckoyva.
The Sea-Diver.

1825. Musings.
The Spirit of Poetry.
Burial of the Minnisink.
1826. Song: "Where, from the eye of day."
Song of the Birds.
1830. *Song: "Hark, hark!"*
Song: "And whither goest thou, gentle sigh."
The Return of Spring.
Rondel: "Hence away, begone, begone."
Spring.
The Child Asleep.
Friar Lubin.
1831. * *Let me go warm.*
* *The Disembodied Spirit.*
* *Ideal Beauty.*
* *The Lover's Complaint.*
The Nativity of Christ.
The Assumption of the Virgin.
1832. *A Florentine Song.*
A Neapolitan Canzonet.
Christmas Carol.
A Soldier's Song.
"Tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee."
Sicilian Canzonet.
Coplas de Manrique.
The Good Shepherd.
To-Morrow.
The Native Land.
The Image of God.
The Brook.
* *Vida de San Millan.*
* *San Miguel, The Convent.*
Death of Archbishop Turpin.
Art and Nature.
The Two Harvests.

1833. * *Ancient Spanish Ballads.*
* *Clear Honor of the Liquid Element.*
* *Praise of Little Women.*
* *Milagros de Nuestra Señora.*
1834. * *Song of the Rhine.*
1835. *King Christian.*
* *Song: "She is a maid of artless grace."*
1836. *Song of the Bell.*
The Castle by the Sea.
Song of the Silent Land.
1837. *Passages from Frithiof's Saga.*
Flowers.
1838. A Psalm of Life.
The Reaper and the Flowers.
The Light of Stars.
"Neglected record of a mind neglected."
The Grave.
The Soul's Complaint against the Body.
Beowulf's Expedition to Heort.
1839. The Wreck of the Hesperus.
The Village Blacksmith.
Prelude.
Hymn to the Night.
Footsteps of Angels.
The Beleaguered City.
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.
L'Envoi to Voices of the Night.
* *The Celestial Pilot.*
* *The Terrestrial Paradise*
* *Beatrice.*
* *The Happiest Land.*
* *The Wave.*
* *The Dead.*
* *The Bird and the Ship.*
* *Whither.*

1839. * *Beware.*
* *The Black Knight.*
1840. It is not always May.
The Spanish Student.
The Skeleton in Armor.
1841. Endymion.
The Rainy Day.
God's Acre.
To the River Charles.
Blind Bartimeus.
The Goblet of Life.
Maidenhood.
Excelsior.
The Children of the Lord's Supper.
The Luck of Edenhall.
The Two Locks of Hair.
* *The Elected Knight.*
1842. To William E. Channing.
The Slave's Dream.
The Good Part, that shall not be taken away.
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.
The Slave singing at Midnight.
The Witnesses.
The Quadroon Girl.
* The Warning.
The Belfry of Bruges.
Mezzo Cammin.
1843. *Translation of Dante,* begun.
The Statue over the Cathedral Door.
The Legend of the Cross-Bill.
The Sea hath its Pearls.
1844. A Gleam of Sunshine.
The Arsenal at Springfield.
Nuremberg.
The Norman Baron.

1844. Rain in Summer.
Sea-Weed.
The Day is Done.
The Hemlock Tree.
Annie of Tharaw.
* *Childhood.*
* *Elegy: "Silent in the veil of evening twilight."*

1845. To a Child.
The Occultation of Orion.
The Bridge.
To the Driving Cloud.
Carillon.
Afternoon in February.
To an Old Danish Song-Book.
Walter von der Vogelweid.
Drinking Song.
The Old Clock on the Stairs.
The Arrow and the Song.
The Evening Star.
Autumn.
* Dante.
Curfew.
Birds of Passage.
The Haunted Chamber.
Evangeline, begun.
* *Poetic Aphorisms.*
* *Silent Love.*
* *Blessed are the Dead.*
Wanderer's Night Songs.
* *The Nature of Love.*
* *Song: "If thou art sleeping, maiden."*
* *Rondel.*

1846. The Builders.
Pegasus in Pound.
Twilight.

1847. Tegnér's Drapa.
Evangeline, finished.
"O faithful, indefatigable tides."
"Soft through the silent air."

1848. Hymn for my Brother's Ordination.
The Secret of the Sea.
* Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
The Fire of Drift-Wood.
The Castle-Builder.
Resignation.
Sand of the Desert.
The Open Window.
King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn.

1849. Dedication : The Seaside and the Fireside.
The Building of the Ship.
Chrysaor.
The Challenge of Thor (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Lighthouse.
Gaspar Becerra.
Sonnet on Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare.
Children.
The Singers.
The Brook and the Wave.
Suspiria.
The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.
A Christmas Carol.

1850. The Golden Legend, begun.
Michael Angelo : portion of III. iv.
The Ladder of Saint Augustine.
The Phantom Ship.

1851. In the Churchyard at Cambridge.
The Golden Legend, finished.

1852. The Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Haunted Houses.
The Emperor's Bird's Nest.

1852. Daylight and Moonlight.
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.
1853. The Two Angels.
1854. The Rope-Walk.
The Golden Mile-Stone.
Catawba Wine.
Prometheus.
Epimetheus.
Hiawatha, begun.
1855. Hiawatha, finished.
Oliver Basselin.
Victor Galbraith.
My Lost Youth.
1856. John Endicott, begun.
So from the Bosom of Darkness.
1857. John Endicott, finished.
Santa Filomena.
The Discoverer of the North Cape.
Daybreak.
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.
Sandalphon.
The Courtship of Miles Standish, begun.
1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish, finished.
1859. The Children's Hour.
Enceladus.
Snow-Flakes.
The Bells of Lynn.
* *My Secret.*
1860. Paul Revere's Ride (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Saga of King Olaf, excepting The Challenge of Thor (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
A Day of Sunshine.
1861. Interlude: A strain of music closed the tale (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
1862. Prelude: The Wayside Inn.

1862. The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
King Robert of Sicily (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Torquemada (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Cumberland.
1863. * Five Interludes to First Part of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
The Falcon of Ser Federigo (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Birds of Killingworth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
* Finale to Part First of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
* Something left Undone.
* Weariness.
1864. Palingenesis.
The Bridge of Cloud.
Hawthorne.
Christmas Bells.
The Wind over the Chimney.
Divina Commedia: Sonnets I. II.
Noël.
Kambalu (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
1865. Divina Commedia: Sonnet III.
To Italy.
1866. Flower-de-Luce.
Killed at the Ford.
Giotto's Tower.
To-Morrow.
Divina Commedia: Sonnets V. VI.
Translation of Dante, finished.
1867. Divina Commedia: Sonnet IV.
1868. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.
1869. *The Gleaner of Sapri.*
1870. Prelude to Part Second of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
The Bell of Atri (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

1870. Fata Morgana.
The Meeting.
Vox Populi.
Prelude to Translations.
The Divine Tragedy, begun.
Consolation.
* *To Cardinal Richelieu.*
The Angel and the Child.
Wanderer's Night Songs.
The Fugitive.
* *The Siege of Kazan.*
The Boy and the Brook.
* *To the Stork.*
* *Santa Teresa's Book-Mark.*
Remorse.

1871. The Cobbler of Hagenau (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Ballad of Carmilhan (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Lady Wentworth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Legend Beautiful (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Baron of Saint Castine (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Judas Maccabæus.
The Abbot Joachim: First Interlude to Christus.
Martin Luther: Second Interlude to Christus.
Saint John: Finale to Christus.
The Divine Tragedy, finished.

1872. * Introitus to Christus.
* Interludes and Finale to Part Second of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
Michael Angelo, first draft.
Azrael (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Charlemagne (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Emma and Eginhard (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

1873. * Prelude, Interludes, and Finale to Part Third of Tales of a Wayside Inn.

1873. Elizabeth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Monk of Casal-Maggiore (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Scanderbeg (Tales of a Wayside Inn),
The Mother's Ghost (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Rhyme of Sir Christopher (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Michael Angelo: Monologue, The Last Judgment; Monologue, Part Second. Palazzo Cesarini; The Oaks of Monte Luca.
* The Challenge.
* Aftermath.
The Hanging of the Crane.
Chaucer.
Shakespeare.
Milton.
Keats.
* *From the Cancioneros.*

1874. Charles Sumner.
Travels by the Fireside.
Cadenabbia.
Autumn Within.
Monte Cassino.
Morituri Salutamus.
Three Friends of Mine.
The Galaxy.
The Sound of the Sea.
A Summer Day by the Sea.
The Tides.
A Nameless Grave.
The Old Bridge at Florence.
Il Ponte Vecchio di Firenze.
Michael Angelo: Vittoria Colonna; Palazzo Belvedere; Bindo Altoviti; In the Coliseum.
Seven Sonnets and a Canzone.

1875. Amalfi.
The Sermon of Saint Francis.
Belisarius.
Songo River.
The Masque of Pandora.
* A Shadow.
Sleep.
Parker Cleaveland.
1876. The Herons of Elmwood.
To the Avon.
A Dutch Picture.
The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face.
To the River Yvette.
A Wraith in the Mist.
Nature.
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.
Eliot's Oak.
The Descent of the Muses.
Venice.
The Poets.
The Harvest Moon.
To the River Rhone.
The Two Rivers.
Boston.
Saint John's, Cambridge.
Moods.
Woodstock Park.
The Four Princesses at Wilna.
The Broken Oar.
The Four Lakes of Madison.
Victor and Vanquished.
On the Terrace of the Aigalades.
To my Brooklet.
Barrèges.
1877. Kéramos.

1877. Castles in Spain.
Vittoria Colonna.
A Ballad of the French Fleet.
The Leap of Roushan Beg.
Haroun al Raschid.
King Trisanku.
The Three Kings.
Song: "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest."
The Three Silences of Molinos.
Holidays.
Wapentake.
* *The Banks of the Cher.*
* *To the Forest of Gastine.*
* *Fontenay.*
* *Pray for me.*
* *Vire.*

1878. * The Emperor's Glove.
The Poet's Calendar: March.
The White Czar.
* Delia.
Bayard Taylor.
The Chamber over the Gate.
Moonlight.
* *Forsaken.*
* *Virgil's First Eclogue.*
* *Ovid in Exile.*

1879. The Cross of Snow.
From my Armchair.
Jugurtha.
The Iron Pen.
Robert Burns.
Helen of Tyre.
The Sifting of Peter.
The Tide rises, the Tide falls.
My Cathedral.

1879. The Burial of the Poet.
Night.
The Children's Crusade.
Sundown.
Chimes.
A Quiet Life.

1880. Dedication to Ultima Thule.
* Elegiac.
Old Saint David's at Radnor.
Maiden and Weathercock.
The Windmill.
L'Envoi to Ultima Thule.
The Poet's Calendar: January, February, April — December.
Four by the Clock.

1881. Michael Angelo: Viterbo.
Auf Wiedersehen.
Elegiac Verse.
The City and the Sea.
Memories.
Hermes Trismegistus.
President Garfield.
My Books.
* Song for the Masque of Pandora.

1882. * Becalmed.
Mad River.
Possibilities.
Decoration Day.
* A Fragment.
* Loss and Gain.
The Bells of San Blas.
* *Will ever the dear days come back again?*
* *At La Chaudeau.*
* *The Wine of Jurançon.*
(Undetermined) *The Stars.*

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A blind man is a poor man, and poor a blind man is, vi. 283.
A fleet with flags arrayed, iii. 115.
After so long an absence, iii. 75.
A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks, iii. 77.
A handful of red sand, from the hot clime, i. 307.
Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us, iv. 230.
Ah, Love, i. 173.
Ah me! ah me! when thinking of the years, vi. 353.
Ah! thou moon that shinest, i. 170.
Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me, i. 293.
A little bird in the air, iv. 94.
Allah gives light in darkness, vi. 290.
All are architects of Fate, i. 305.
All are sleeping, weary heart, i. 156.
All day has the battle raged, iv. 108.
All houses wherein men have lived and died, iii. 23.
All the old gods are dead, iv. 80.
Am I a king, that I should call my own, iii. 270.
A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round, vi. 284.
A mist was driving down the British Channel, iii. 21.
Among the many lives that I have known, iii. 231.
An angel with a radiant face, vi. 325.
And King Olaf heard the cry, iv. 58.
And now, behold! as at the approach of morning, vi. 338.
And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing, iii. 236.
And when the kings were in the field, — their squadrons in array, vi. 204.
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh, vi. 301.
Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old, vi. 278.
An old man in a lodge within a park, iii. 218.
Arise, O righteous Lord, v. 519.
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, iii. 227.
As a pale phantom with a lamp, iii. 302.
A soldier of the Union mustered out, iii. 225.
As one who long hath fled with panting breath, iii. 302.
As one who, walking in the twilight gloom, i. 275.
As the birds come in the spring, iii. 291.
As the dim twilight shrouds, i. 340.
As treasures that men seek, vi. 174.
As unto the bow the cord is, ii. 196.
At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay, iii. 67.
At Atri, in Abruzzo, a small town, iv. 142.
At Drontheim, Olaf the King, iv. 85.
At La Chaudeau, — 't is long since then, vi. 332.
At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea, iv. 165.
At the foot of the mountain height, vi. 307.
A vision as of crowded city streets, iii. 219.

Awake! arise! the hour is late, iii. 327.
Awake, O north-wind, v. 42.
A wind came up out of the sea, iii. 56.
A youth, light-hearted and content, vi. 276.

Barabbas is my name, v. 138.
Baron Castine of Saint Castine, iv. 192.
Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers, iii. 131.
Beautiful valley! through whose verdant meads, iii. 88.
Becalmed upon the sea of Thought, iii. 295.
Behold! a giant am I, iii. 285.
Bell! thou soundest merrily, vi. 266.
Beside the ungathered rice he lay, i. 102.
Between the dark and the daylight, iii. 63.
Beware! the Israelite of old, who tore, i. 111.
Black are the moors before Kazan, vi. 360.
Black shadows fall, iii. 9.
Blind Bartimeus at the gates, i. 82; v. 114.
Bright Sun! that, flaming through the midday sky, vi. 435.
Build me straight, O worthy Master, i. 277.
Burn, O evening hearth, and waken, iii. 135.
But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves, vi. 437.
By his evening fire the artist, i. 312.
By the shore of Gitche Gumee, ii. 290.
By yon still river, where the wave, i. 339.

Can it be the sun descending, ii. 213.
Centuries old are the mountains, iii. 178.
Christ to the young man said: Yet one thing more, i. 322.
Clear fount of light! my native land on high, vi. 197.
Clear honor of the liquid element, vi. 438.
Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast, i. 327.
Come from thy caverns dark and deep, iii. 182.
Come, my beloved, v. 40.
Come, O Death, so silent flying, vi. 213.
Come, old friend! sit down and listen, i. 254.
Come to me, O ye children, iii. 59.

Dark is the morning with mist; in the narrow mouth of the harbor, iii. 279.
Dead he lay among his books, iii. 266.
Dear child! how radiant on thy mother's knee, i. 231.
Don Nuno, Count of Lara, vi. 201.
Dost thou see on the rampart's height, iii. 126.
Dowered with all celestial gifts, iii. 159.
Down from yon distant mountain height, vi. 361.
Downward through the evening twilight, ii. 142.

Each heart has its haunted chamber, iii. 74.
Even as the Blessed, at the final summons, vi. 343.
Evermore a sound shall be, iii. 174.
Every flutter of the wing, iii. 173.
Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful, vi. 211.

Far and wide among the nations, ii. 265.
Filled is Life's goblet to the brim, i. 83.
Flooded by rain and snow, iii. 179.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse, iii. 320.
Forms of saints and kings are standing, vi. 280.
For thee was a house built, vi. 291.
Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet, ii. 365.
Forth rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep, vi. 443.
Forth upon the Gitche Gumee, ii. 179.
Four by the clock! and yet not day, iii. 310.
Four limpid lakes, — four Naiades, iii. 301.
From the outskirts of the town, iii. 78.
From the river's plashy bank, i. 337.
From this high portal, where upsprings, vi. 327.
Full of wrath was Hiawatha, ii. 254.

Gaddi mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono, iii. 227.
Garlands upon his grave, iii. 83.
Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad, vi. 303.
Gently swaying to and fro, iii. 173.
Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree, ii. 174.
Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas, i. 243.
Glove of black in white hand bare, vi. 214.
God sent his messenger the rain, v. 344.
God sent his Singers upon earth, i. 320.
Good-night! good-night, beloved, i. 170.
Guarding the mountains around, iii. 180.

Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled, iv. 185.
Half of my life is gone, and I have let, i. 260.
Hark, hark, vi. 300.
Haste and hide thee, iii. 175.
Hast thou seen that lordly castle, vi. 267.
Have I dreamed? or was it real, iii. 14.
Have you read in the Talmud of old, iii. 60.
He is dead, the beautiful youth, iii. 144.
He is gone to the desert land! vi. 356.
Hence away, begone, begone, vi. 448.
Here in a little rustic hermitage, iii. 239.
Here lies the gentle humorist, who died, iii. 228.
Here rest the weary oar! — soft airs, i. 336.
High on their turreted cliffs, iii. 179.
Honor be to Mudjekeewis! ii. 132.
How beautiful is the rain, i. 227.
How beautiful it was, that one bright day, iii. 137.
How cold are thy baths, Apollo! iii. 272.
How I started up in the night, in the night, vi. 288.
How many lives, made beautiful and sweet, iii. 146.
How much of my young heart, O Spain, iii. 106.
How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves, iii. 31.
How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers, iii. 148.
How the Titan, the defiant, iii. 166.
How they so softly rest, vi. 260.

I am poor and old and blind, iii. 97.
I am the God Thor, iv. 56.
I enter, and I see thee in the gloom, iii. 148.
If I am fair, 't is for myself alone, vi. 459.
If perhaps these rhymes of mine

should sound not well in strangers' ears, vi. 285.
If thou art sleeping, maiden, i. 198; vi. 355.
I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summer-tide, vi. 441.
I have a vague remembrance, iii. 79.
I have read, in some old, marvellous tale, i. 29.
I hear along our street, vi. 321.
I heard a brooklet gushing, vi. 263.
I heard a voice, that cried, i. 316.
I heard the bells on Christmas Day, iii. 139.
I heard the trailing garments of the Night, i. 17.
I know a maiden fair to see, vi. 264.
I lay upon the headland-height, and listened, iii. 132.
I leave you, ye cold mountain chains, vi. 330.
I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze, iii. 150.
I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls, i. 79.
In Attica thy birthplace should have been, iii. 216.
In broad daylight, and at noon, iii. 30.
In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp, i. 105.
In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward, iii. 351.
In his chamber, weak and dying, i. 224.
In his lodge beside a river, ii. 283.
In Mather's Magnalia Christi, iii. 19.
In Ocean's wide domains, i. 108.
In Saint Luke's Gospel we are told, iii. 282.
Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined, vi. 284.
In that building, long and low, iii. 43.
In that desolate land and lone, iii. 111.
In that province of our France, vi. 449.
In the ancient town of Bruges, i. 209.
In the convent of Drontheim, iv. 111.
In the hamlet desolate, vi. 455.
In the heroic days when Ferdinand, iv. 117.
In the long, sleepless watches of the night, iii. 242.
In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown, i. 211.
In the old churchyard of his native town, iii. 289.
In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims, ii. 305.
In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands, i. 220.
In the Valley of the Vire, iii. 34.
In the village churchyard she lies, iii. 25.
In the workshop of Hephæstus, iii. 159.
In those days said Hiawatha, ii. 232.
In those days the Evil Spirits, ii. 238.
Into the city of Kambalu, iv. 149.
Into the darkness and the hush of night, iii. 290.
Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, ii. 327.
Into the Silent Land, vi. 271.
I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold, iii. 220.
I said unto myself, if I were dead, iii. 224.
I sat by my window one night, i. 347.
I saw, as in a dream sublime, i. 238.
I saw the long line of the vacant shore, iii. 223.
I see amid the fields of Ayr, iii. 275.
I shot an arrow into the air, i. 259.
Is it so far from thee, iii. 268.
I sleep, but my heart awaketh, v. 37.
I stand again on the familiar shore, iii. 216.
I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade, iii. 237.

I stood on the bridge at midnight, i. 241.
I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch, i. 43.
Italy! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed to wear, vi. 347.
I thought this Pen would arise, iii. 273.
It is autumn; not without, iii. 300.
It is good to rhyming go, vi. 456.
It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes, iii. 232.
I trust that somewhere and somehow, iv. 154.
It was Einar Tamberskelver, iv. 106.
It was fifty years ago, iii. 57.
It was Sir Christopher Gardiner, iv. 277.
It was the schooner Hesperus, i. 69.
It was the season, when through all the land, iv. 127.
I wish to make my sermon brief, — to shorten my oration, vi. 439.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates, iii. 296.
Joy and Temperance and Repose, vi. 283.
Just above yon sandy bar, i. 292.
Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows, ii. 336.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast, vi. 252.
King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare, vi. 222.
King Solomon, before his palace gate, iv. 209.

Labor with what zeal we will, iii. 71.
Lady, how can it chance — yet this we see, vi. 351.
Lady! thine upward flight, vi. 432.
Laugh of the mountain! — lyre of bird and tree! vi. 199.
Leafless are the trees; their purple branches, iii. 45.
Let him who will, by force or fraud innate, vi. 333.
Let me go warm and merry still, vi. 429.
Let nothing disturb thee, vi. 210.
Like two cathedral towers these stately pines, iii. 288.
Listen, my children, and you shall hear, iv. 24.
Little sweet wine of Jurançon, vi. 334.
Live I, so live I, vi. 283.
Lo! in the painted oriel of the West, i. 261.
Longing already to search in and round, vi. 341.
Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care, vi. 196.
Loud he sang the psalms of David, i. 107.
Loud sang the Spanish cavalier, i. 187.
Loud the angry wind was wailing, iv. 82.
Loudly the sailors cheered, iv. 99.
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine? vi. 336.
Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound, iii. 225.
Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three, vi. 284.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes, i. 86.
Man-like is it to fall into sin, vi. 283.
Many a day and wasted year, i. 343.
Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward, ii. 351.
Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants, ii. 358.
Most beautiful, most gentle! yet how lost, i. 335.
Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, iii. 117.

Much it behoveth, vi. 297.
My beloved is white and ruddy, v. 37.
My soul its secret has, my life too has its mystery, vi. 337.
My undefiled is but one, v. 39.
My way is on the bright blue sea, i. 346.

Neglected record of a mind neglected, iii. 335.
Never shall souls like these, iii. 189.
Never stoops the soaring vulture, ii. 269.
Night comes stealing from the East, vi. 447.
Night rests in beauty on Mont Alto, i. 332.
Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face, iii. 229.
No more shall I see, vi. 227.
Northward over Drontheim, iv. 95.
No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks, iii. 86.
Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne, iii. 157.
Nothing that is shall perish utterly, vi. 13.
Nothing the greatest artist can conceive, vi. 348.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, ii. 311.
Not without fire can any workman mould, vi. 349.
Now from all King Olaf's farms, iv. 66.
Nowhere such a devious stream, iii. 99.
Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended, vi. 367.
Now Time throws off his cloak again, vi. 302.

O amiable solitude, vi. 453.
O Cæsar, we who are about to die, iii. 203.
O curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn, iii. 143.
O'er all the hilltops, vi. 288.
O faithful, indefatigable tides, iii. 335.
Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord, vi. 273.
Of Prometheus, how undaunted, iii. 11.
Often I think of the beautiful town, iii. 39.
Oft have I seen at some cathedral door, iii. 147.
Oft I remember those whom I have known, iii. 316.
O gift of God! O perfect day, iii. 70.
O gladsome light, v. 202.
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches, vi. 277.
Oh, give me back the days when loose and free, vi. 349.
Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended, vi. 286.
Oh let the soul her slumbers break, vi. 175.
Oh that a Song would sing itself to me, iii. 238.
Oh, the long and dreary Winter, ii. 277.
Olaf the King, one summer morn, iv. 72.
Olger the Dane and Desiderio, iv. 213.
O Light serene! present in him who breathes, vi. 434.
O little feet! that such long years, iii. 72.
O Lord! who seest, from yon starry height, vi. 198.
O lovely river of Yvette, iii. 113.
Once into a quiet village, i. 314.
Once more, once more, Inarimé, iii. 109.
Once on a time, some centuries ago, iv. 248.
Once the Emperor Charles of Spain, iii. 26.
Once upon Iceland's solitary strand, iii. 241.

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town, iv. 13.
One day, Haroun Al Raschid read, iii. 120.
One hundred years ago, and something more, iv. 177.
One morning, all alone, v. 192.
One morning, on the seashore as I strayed, vi. 460.
One summer morning, when the sun was hot, iv. 31.
On King Olaf's bridal night, iv. 75.
On Saint Bavon's tower, commanding, iii. 114.
On sunny slope and beechen swell, i. 47.
On the cross the dying Saviour, vi. 281.
On the gray sea-sands, iv. 102.
On the green little isle of Inchkenneth, iii. 122.
On the Mountains of the Prairie, ii. 127.
On the shores of Gitche Gumee, ii. 186.
On the top of a mountain I stand, i. 187.
O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped, i. 319.
O River of Yesterday, with current swift, iii. 235.
O star of morning and of liberty, iii. 150.
O sweet illusions of Song, iii. 73.
Othere, the old sea-captain, iii. 52.
Our God, a Tower of Strength is He, v. 347.
Out of childhood into manhood, ii. 149.
Out of the bosom of the Air, iii. 69.
O weathercock on the village spire, iii. 284.
O ye dead Poets, who are living still, iii. 231.

Padre Francisco, i. 136.
Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village, vi. 228.
Peradventure of old, some bard in Ionian Islands, iii. 312.
Pleasant it was, when woods were green, i. 13.
Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine, iii. 241.
Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay, vi. 433.

Quand les astres de Noël, iii. 151.
Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft, iv. 63.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read, iv. 43.
Rio Verde, Rio Verde, vi. 200.
River! that in silence windest, i. 80.
River, that stealest with such silent pace, iii. 217.
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, iv. 47.
Round Autumn's mouldering urn, i. 331.

Sadly as some old mediæval knight, iii. 322.
Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay, iv. 91.
Saint Augustine! well hast thou said, iii. 16.
Saint Botolph's Town! Hither across the plains, iii. 237.
San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent vast and wide, vi. 207.
See, the fire is sinking low, iii. 140.
She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side, i. 104.
She is a maid of artless grace, vi. 209.
Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song, vi. 195.
Short of stature, large of limb, iv. [illegible].
Should any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile, vi. 370.
Should you ask me, whence these stories, ii. 123.
Silent, in the veil of evening twilight, vi. 444.

Simon Danz has come home again, iii. 103.
Sing, O Song of Hiawatha, ii. 225.
Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain, vi. 254.
Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest, iii. 326.
Slowly, slowly up the wall, v. 274.
Slowly the hour-hand of the clock moves round, iii. 234.
So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and gleaming, iii. 336.
Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes, iii. 336.
Solemnly, mournfully, i. 263.
Some day, some day, vi. 212.
Something the heart must have to cherish, vi. 289.
Somewhat back from the village street, i. 256.
So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, ii. 317.
Southward with fleet of ice, i. 296.
Spake full well, in language quaint and olden, i. 26.
Speak! speak! thou fearful guest, i. 63, 356.
Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun, vi. 223.
Stars of the summer night, i. 127.
Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest, iii. 125.
Still through Egypt's desert places, iii. 317.
Stretched in thy shadows I rehearse, vi. 452.
Strike the sails! King Olaf said, iv. 103.
Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade, iv. 271.
Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives, iii. 128.
Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face, vi. 304.
Sweet chimes! that in the loneliness of night, iii. 310.
Sweet faces, that from pictured casements lean, iii. 239.
Sweet the memory is to me, iii. 92.

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old, iii. 226.
Take them, O Death! and bear away, i. 321.
Tell me not, in mournful numbers, i. 19.
Tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee, vi. 462.
The Ages come and go, v. 525.
The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree, vi. 305.
The battle is fought and won, iv. 261.
The brooklet came from the mountain, iii. 81.
The ceaseless rain is falling fast, iii. 85.
The course of my long life hath reached at last, vi. 350.
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary, i. 78.
The day is done, and the darkness, i. 246.
The day is ending, i. 248.
The doors are all wide open; at the gate, iii. 218.
The guests were loud, the ale was strong, iv. 69.
The holiest of all holidays are those, iii. 240.
The lights are out, and gone are all the guests, iii. 193.
The Lord descended from above, v. 359.
The night is come, but not too soon, i. 22.
The nuns in the cloister, i. 170.
The old house by the lindens, i. 309.
The pages of thy book I read, i. 101.
The panting City cried to the Sea, iii. 316.
The peasant leaves his plough afield, vi. 202.
There is a love that cannot die, i. 338.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods, i. 45.
There is a Reaper, whose name is Death, i. 21.
There is no flock, however watched and tended, i. 303.
There sat one day in quiet, vi. 258.
The rising moon has hid the stars, i. 75.
The rocky ledge runs far into the sea, i. 298.
There was a time when I was very small, vi. 256.
The rivers rush into the sea, vi. 261.
The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, iii. 222.
The sea hath its pearls, vi. 282.
These are the Voices Three, iii. 181.
These words the poet heard in Paradise, iii. 321.
The shades of night were falling fast, i. 89.
The Slaver in the broad lagoon, i. 109.
The summer sun is sinking low, iii. 309.
The sun is bright, — the air is clear, i. 76.
The sun is set; and in his latest beams, iii. 222.
The tide rises, the tide falls, iii. 287.
The twilight is sad and cloudy, i. 294.
The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes, v. 160.
The works of human artifice soon tire, vi. 436.
The world is full of care, v. 413.
They made the warrior's grave beside, i. 344.
The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep, iii. 220.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong, vi. 464.
This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, i. 217.
This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, ii. 19.
This is the place. Stand still, my steed, i. 214.
This song of mine, iii. 47.
Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me, iv. 61.
Thorberg Skafting, master-builder, iv. 88.
Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud, iii. 229.
Thou brooklet, all unknown to song, vi. 329.
Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain, i. 261.
Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small, vi. 284.
Thou mighty Prince of Church and State, vi. 324.
Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower, iii. 233.
Thou that from the heavens art, vi. 287.
Three Kings came riding from far away, iii. 122.
Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides, vi. 219.
Three Silences there are: the first of speech, iii. 233.
Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean, ii. 345.
Thus sang the Potter at his task, iii. 247.
Thus, then, much care-worn, vi. 293.
'T is late at night, and in the realm of sleep, iii. 146.
Tityrus, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining, vi. 364.
To-day from the Aurora's bosom, vi. 439.
To gallop off to town post-haste, vi. 335.
To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly, vi. 353.

Torrent of light and river of the air, iii. 221.
Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round, iii. 247.
Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom, i. 262.
'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness, vi. 269.
Two angels, one of Life and one of Death, iii. 28.
Two good friends had Hiawatha, ii. 168.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree, i. 73.
Under Mount Etna he lies, iii. 65.
Under the walls of Monterey, iii. 37.
Until we meet again! That is the meaning, iii. 311.
Up soared the lark into the air, iii. 95.

Viswamitra the Magician, iii. 121.
Vogelweid the Minnesinger, i. 252.

Warm and still is the summer night, iii. 102.
Welcome, my old friend, i. 249.
Welcome, O Stork! that dost wing, vi. 362.
We sat within the farmhouse old, i. 301.
What an image of peace and rest, iii. 280.
What is this I read in history, iii. 304.
What phantom is this that appears, iii. 277.
What place is this? Oh tell me, I implore, iii. 346.
What say the Bells of San Blas, iii. 328.
What shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me, vi. 463.
What should be said of him cannot be said, vi. 352.
What the Immortals, iii. 171.
When Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne, iv. 219.
When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire, vi. 285.
When Christ was born in Bethlehem, vi. 460.
When descends on the Atlantic, i. 290.
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, iii. 50.
When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue, i. 329.
When I compare, iii. 328.
When I remember them, those friends of mine, iii. 215.
When Mazárvan the Magician, iii. 77.
When the dying flame of day, i. 41.
When the hours of Day are numbered, i. 24, 350.
When the prime mover of my many sighs, vi. 351.
When the summer fields are mown, iii. 81.
When the summer harvest was gathered in, i. 341.
When the warm sun, that brings, i. 37.
When upon the western cloud, i. 328.
When winter winds are piercing chill, i. 40.
Where are the Poets, unto whom belong, iii. 325.
Where from the eye of day, i. 348.
Whereunto is money good, vi. 283.
Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke, vi. 284.
White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest, iii. 230.
Whither, thou turbid wave, vi. 260.
Who knocks, — who knocks at my door, vi. 461.
Who love would seek, vi. 285.
Why dost thou wildly rush and roar, iii. 323.

Will ever the dear days come back again, vi. 331.
Will then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal? vi. 323.
With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas, iii. 265.
With snow-white veil and garments as of flame, iii. 149.
With what a glory comes and goes the year, i. 38.
With what a hollow dirge, its voice did fill, i. 348.
Witlaf, a king of the Saxons, i. 310.
Worn with speed is my good steed, i. 199.

Ye sentinels of sleep, iii. 183.
Yes, the moment shall decide, iii. 185.
Yes, the Year is growing old, i. 31.
Yet, not in vain, O River of Yesterday, iii. 235.
Ye voices, that arose, i. 49.
You shall hear how Hiawatha, ii. 159.
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, ii. 205, 245.

INDEX OF TITLES

INDEX OF TITLES

[The titles of major works and of general divisions are set in SMALL CAPITALS.]

Abbot Joachim, The, v. 160.
Aftermath, iii. 81.
Afternoon in February, i. 248.
Allah, vi. 290.
Amalfi, iii. 92.
Ancient Spanish Ballads, vi. 200.
Angel and the Child, The, vi. 325.
Angler's Song, The, i. 337.
Annie of Tharaw, vi. 278.
April Day, An, i. 37.
Arrow and the Song, The, i. 259.
Arsenal at Springfield, The, i. 217.
Art and Nature, vi. 436.
Artist, The, vi. 348.
Assumption of the Virgin, The, vi. 432.
At La Chaudeau, vi. 332.
Auf Wiedersehen, iii. 311.
Autumn: "Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain," i. 261.
Autumn: "With what a glory comes and goes the year," i. 38.
Autumnal Nightfall, i. 331.
Autumn Within, iii. 300.
Avon, To the, iii. 320.
Azrael, iv. 209.

Ballad of Carmilhan, The, iv. 165.
Ballad of the French Fleet, A, iii. 115.
BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS, i. 51.
Banks of the Cher, The, vi. 449.
Baron of Saint Castine, The, iv. 192
Barréges, vi. 330.
Battle of Lovell's Pond, The, i. 327.
Bayard Taylor, iii. 266.
Beatrice, vi. 343.
Becalmed, iii. 295.
Beleaguered City, The, i. 29.
BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS, THE, i. 203.
Belfry of Bruges, The, i. 211.
Belisarius, iii. 97.
Bell of Atri, The, iv. 142.
Bells of Lynn, The, iii. 143.
Bells of San Blas, The, iii. 328.
Beowulf's Expedition to Heort, vi. 293.
Beware, vi. 264.
Bird and the Ship, The, vi. 261.
Birds of Killingworth, The, iv. 127.
BIRDS OF PASSAGE, iii. 7.
Birds of Passage, iii. 9.
Black Knight, The, vi. 269.
Blessed are the Dead, vi. 286.
Blind Bartimeus, i. 82.
BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLÉ, THE, vi. 307.
BOOK OF SONNETS, A, iii. 213.
Boston, iii. 237.
Boy and the Brook, The, vi. 361.
Bridge, The, i. 241.
Bridge of Cloud, The, iii. 135.
Broken Oar, The, iii. 241.
Brook, The, vi. 199.
Brook and the Wave, The, iii. 81.
Brooklet, To my, vi. 329.
BUILDING OF THE SHIP, THE, i. 277.
Builders, The, i. 305

Burial of the Minnisink, i. 47.
Burial of the Poet, The, ii. 289.

Cadenabbia, iii. 86.
Canzone, vi. 353.
Carillon, i. 209.
Castle-Builder, The, iii. 77.
Castle by the Sea, The, vi. 267.
Castles in Spain, iii. 106.
Catawba Wine, iii. 47.
Celestial Pilot, The, vi. 338.
Challenge, The, iii. 79.
Chamber over the Gate, The, iii. 268.
Changed, iii. 78.
Channing, To William E., i. 101.
Charlemagne, iv. 213.
Charles Sumner, iii. 83.
Chaucer, iii. 218.
Chaudeau, At La, vi. 332.
Child Asleep, The, vi. 304.
Child, To a, i. 230.
Childhood, vi. 256.
Children, iii. 59.
Children of the Lord's Supper, The, vi. 228.
Children's Crusade, The, iii. 304.
Children's Hour, The, iii. 63.
Chimes, iii. 310.
Christmas Bells, iii. 139.
Christmas Carol, vi. 321.
Christmas Carol, A, vi. 460.
Christus: A Mystery, v. 19.
Chrysaor, i. 292.
City and the Sea, The, iii. 316.
Clear Honor of the Liquid Element, vi. 438.
Cobbler of Hagenau, The, iv. 154.
Come, O Death, so silent flying, vi. 213.
Consolation, vi. 323.
Coplas de Manrique, vi. 175.
Courtship of Miles Standish, The, ii. 299.
Cross of Snow, The, iii. 242.
Cumberland, The, iii. 67.
Curfew, i. 263.

Danish Song-Book, To an Old, i. 249.
Dante: "Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom," i. 262.
Dante: "What should be said of him cannot be said," vi. 352.
Daybreak, iii. 56.
Day is Done, The, i. 246.
Daylight and Moonlight, iii. 30.
Day of Sunshine, A, iii. 70.
Dead, The, vi. 260.
Death of Archbishop Turpin, vi. 305.
Decoration Day, iii. 326.
Dedication (Michael Angelo), vi. 13.
Dedication (The Seaside and the Fireside), i. 275.
Delia, iii. 128.
Descent of the Muses, The, iii. 229.
Dirge over a Nameless Grave, i. 339.
Discoverer of the North Cape, The, iii. 52.
Disembodied Spirit, The, vi. 433.
Divina Commedia, iii. 147.
Divine Tragedy, The, v. 27.
Drinking Song, i. 254.
Driving Cloud, To the, i. 243.
Dutch Picture, A, iii. 103.

Earlier Poems, i. 35.
Elected Knight, The, vi. 254.
Elegiac, iii. 279.
Elegiac Verse, iii. 312.
Elegy, vi. 444.
Eliot's Oak, iii. 229.
Elizabeth, iv. 230.
Emma and Eginhard, iv. 219.
Emperor's Bird's Nest, The, iii. 26.
Emperor's Glove, The, iii. 114.
Enceladus, iii. 65.
Endymion, i. 75.
Epimetheus, or the Poet's Afterthought, iii. 14.

Evangeline : A Tale of Acadie, ii. 17.
Evening Star, The, i. 261.
Excelsior, i. 88.
Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful, vi. 211.

Falcon of Ser Federigo, The, iv. 31.
Fata Morgana, iii. 73.
Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, iii. 57.
Fire, vi. 349.
Fire of Driftwood, The, i. 300.
Florentine Song, A, vi. 459.
Flower-de-Luce, iii. 129.
Flower-de-Luce, iii. 131.
Flowers, i. 26.
Fontenay, vi. 453.
Footsteps of Angels, i. 24.
Forest of Gastine, To the, vi. 452.
Forsaken, vi. 289.
Four by the Clock, iii. 310.
Four Lakes of Madison, The, iii. 301.
Four Princesses at Wilna, The, iii. 239.
Fragment, A, iii. 327.
Fragments, iii. 333.
Friar Lubin, vi. 335.
Frithiof's Farewell, vi. 227.
Frithiof's Homestead, vi. 219.
Frithiof's Temptation, vi. 223.
From my Armchair, iii. 270.
From the Cancioneros, vi. 211.
Fugitive, The, vi. 356.

Galaxy, The, iii. 221.
Gaspar Becerra, i. 312.
Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, v. 445.
Giotto's Tower, iii. 146.
Gleam of Sunshine, A, i. 214.
Gleaner of Sapri, The, vi. 464.
Glove of Black in White Hand Bare, vi. 214.
Goblet of Life, The, i. 83.
God's-Acre, i. 78.
Golden Legend, The, v. 167.
Golden Milestone, The, iii. 45.
Good Part that shall not be taken away, The, i. 104.
Good Shepherd, The, vi. 195.
Grave, The, vi. 291.

Hanging of the Crane, The, iii. 191.
Happiest Land, The, vi. 258.
Haroun Al Raschid, iii. 120.
Harvest Moon, The, iii. 232.
Haunted Chamber, The, iii. 74.
Haunted Houses, iii. 23.
Hawthorne, iii. 137.
Helen of Tyre, iii. 277.
Hemlock Tree, The, vi. 277.
Hermes Trismegistus, iii. 317.
Herons of Elmwood, The, iii. 102.
Holidays, iii. 240.
Hymn for my Brother's Ordination, i. 322.
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, i. 41.
Hymn to the Night, i. 17.

Ianthe, To, i. 328.
Ideal Beauty, vi. 434.
Il Ponte Vecchio di Firenze, iii. 227.
Image of God, The, vi. 198.
Indian Hunter, The, i. 341.
In the Churchyard at Cambridge, iii. 25.
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown, iii. 228.
In the Harbor, iii. 293.
Iron Pen, The, iii. 273.
Italian Scenery, i. 332.
Italy, To, vi. 347.
It is not always May, i. 76.

Jeckoyva, i. 344.
Jewish Cemetery at Newport, The, iii. 31.
John Endicott, v. 355.
Judas Maccabæus, iv. 287.
Jugurtha, iii. 272.
Juvenile Poems, i. 327.

Kambalu, iv. 149.
Keats, iii. 220.
Kéramos, iii. 245.
Killed at the Ford, iii. 144.
King Christian, vi. 252.
King Robert of Sicily, iv. 47.
King Trisanku, iii. 121.
King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn, i. 310.

Ladder of Saint Augustine, The, iii. 16.
Lady Wentworth, iv. 177.
Leap of Roushan Beg, The, iii. 117.
Legend Beautiful, The, iv. 185.
Legend of the Cross-Bill, The, vi. 281.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, iv. 43.
L'Envoi (Ultima Thule), iii. 291.
L'Envoi (Voices of the Night), i. 49.
Let me go warm, vi. 429.
Lighthouse, The, i. 298.
Light of Stars, The, i. 22.
Loss and Gain, iii. 328.
Lover's Complaint, The, vi. 435.
Lover's Rock, i. 338.
Luck of Edenhall, The, vi. 273.
Lunatic Girl, i. 335.

Mad River, iii. 323.
Maiden and Weathercock, iii. 284.
Maidenhood, i. 86.
Martin Luther, v. 347.
Masque of Pandora, The, iii. 155.
Meeting, The, iii. 75.
Memories, iii. 316.
Mezzo Cammin, i. 260.
Michael Angelo: A Fragment, vi. 1.
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, i. 31.
Milagros de Nuestra Señora, vi. 441.
Milton, iii. 220.
Monk of Casal-Maggiore, The, iv. 248.
Monte Cassino, iii. 88.
Moods, iii. 238.
Moonlight, iii. 302.
Morituri Salutamus, iii. 201.
Mother's Ghost, The, iv. 271.
Musings, i. 347.
My Books, iii. 322.
My Cathedral, iii. 288.
My Lost Youth, iii. 39.
My Secret, vi. 337.

Nameless Grave, A, iii. 224.
Native Land, The, vi. 197.
Nativity of Christ, The, vi. 431.
Nature, iii. 227.
Nature of Love, The, vi. 353.
Neapolitan Canzonet, A, vi. 460.
Neglected Record of a Mind Neglected, iii. 335.
New England Tragedies, The, v. 355.
Night, iii. 290.
Noël, iii. 151.
Norman Baron, The, i. 224.
Nuremberg, i. 219.

Occultation of Orion, The, i. 237.
Ode written for the Commemoration at Fryeburg, Maine, of Lovewell's Fight, i. 343.
O Faithful, Indefatigable Tides, iii. 335.
Old Age, vi. 350.
Old Bridge at Florence, The, iii. 226.
Old Clock on the Stairs, The, i. 256.
Old Saint David's at Radnor, iii. 280.
Oliver Basselin, iii. 34.
Open Window, The, i. 309.
Ovid in Exile, vi. 370.

Palingenesis, iii. 132.
Parker Cleaveland, iii. 231.

Passages from Frithiof's Saga, vi. 219.
Paul Revere's Ride, iv. 24.
Pegasus in Pound, i. 313.
Phantom Ship, The, iii. 18.
Poems on Slavery, i. 93.
Poet and his Songs, The, iii. 291.
Poetic Aphorisms, vi. 283.
Poets, The, iii. 231.
Poet's Calendar, The, iii. 296.
Ponte Vecchio di Firenze, Il, iii. 227.
Possibilities, iii. 325.
Praise of Little Women, vi. 439.
Pray for me, vi. 455.
Prelude (Voices of the Night), i. 13.
President Garfield, iii. 321.
Prometheus, or the Poet's Forethought, iii. 11.
Psalm of Life, A, i. 18.

Quadroon Girl, The, i. 109.
Quiet Life, A, vi. 333.

Rain in Summer, i. 227.
Rainy Day, The, i. 78.
Reaper and the Flowers, The, i. 20.
Remorse, vi. 288.
Resignation, i. 303.
Return of Spring, The, vi. 302.
Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face, The, iii. 111.
Rhyme of Sir Christopher, The, iv. 277.
River Charles, To the, i. 80.
River Rhone, To the, iii. 233.
River Yvette, To the, iii. 113.
Robert Burns, iii. 275.
Rondel: "Hence away, begone, begone," vi. 336.
Rondel: "Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine," vi. 448.
Ropewalk, The, iii. 43.

Saga of King Olaf, The, iv. 56.
Saint John, v. 525.
Saint John's, Cambridge, iii. 237.
Sandalphon, iii. 60.
Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass, i. 307.
San Miguel, the Convent, vi. 207.
Santa Filomena, iii. 50.
Santa Teresa's Book-Mark, vi. 210.
Scanderbeg, iv. 261.
Scenes omitted from Michael Angelo, vi. 383.
Sea-Diver, The, i. 346.
Sea hath its Pearls, The, vi. 282.
Seaside and the Fireside, The, i. 265.
Seaweed, i. 290.
Secret of the Sea, The, i. 293.
Sermon of Saint Francis, The, iii. 95.
Seven Sonnets and a Canzone, vi. 348.
Shadow, A, iii. 224.
Shakespeare, iii. 219.
Sicilian Canzonet, vi. 463.
Siege of Kazan, The, vi. 360.
Sifting of Peter, The, iii. 282.
Silent Love, vi. 285.
Singers, The, i. 320.
Sir Humphrey Gilbert, i. 296.
Skeleton in Armor, The, i. 63.
Slave in the Dismal Swamp, The, i. 105.
Slave's Dream, The, i. 102.
Slave Singing at Midnight, The, i. 107.
Sledge-Ride on the Ice, A, vi. 222.
Sleep, iii. 225.
Snow-Flakes, iii. 69.
So from the Bosom of Darkness, iii. 336.
Soft through the Silent Air, iii. 336.
Soldier's Song, A, vi. 461.
Some Day, Some Day, vi. 212.
Something left undone, iii. 71.
Song: And whither goest thou, gentle sigh, vi. 301.
Song: Hark, hark! vi. 300.
Song: If thou art sleeping, maiden, vi. 355.

Song: She is a maid of artless grace, vi. 209.
Song: Stay, stay at home my heart, iii. 125.
Song: Where, from the eye of day, i. 348.
Song of Hiawatha, The, ii. 111.
Song of Savoy, A, i. 340.
Song of the Bell, vi. 266.
Song of the Birds, i. 348.
Song of the Rhine, vi. 443.
Song of the Silent Land, vi. 271.
Songo River, iii. 99.
Sonnets —
Art and Nature, vi. 436.
Artist, The, vi. 348.
Autumn, i. 261.
Boston, iii. 237.
Broken Oar, The, iii. 241.
Brook, The, vi. 199.
Burial of the Poet, The, iii. 289.
Chaucer, iii. 218.
Chimes, iii. 310.
Clear Honor of the Liquid Element, vi. 438.
Cross of Snow, The, iii. 242.
Dante, i. 262.
Dante, vi. 352.
Dedication to Michael Angelo, vi. 13.
Descent of the Muses, The, iii. 229.
Disembodied Spirit, The, vi. 433.
Divina Commedia, iii. 147.
Eliot's Oak, iii. 229.
Evening Star, The, i. 261.
Fire, vi. 349.
Four Princesses at Wilna, The, iii. 239.
Galaxy, The, iii. 221.
Giotto's Tower, iii. 146.
Good Shepherd, The, vi. 195.
Harvest Moon, The, iii. 232.
Holidays, iii. 240.
How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers, iii. 148.
Ideal Beauty, vi. 434.
I enter, and I see thee in the gloom, iii. 148.
I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze, iii. 150.
Image of God, The, vi. 198.
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown, iii. 228.
Italy, To, vi. 347.
Keats, iii. 220.
Lover's Complaint, The, vi. 435.
Memories, iii. 316.
Mezzo Cammin, i. 260.
Milton, iii. 220.
Moods, iii. 238.
Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare, On, i. 319.
My Books, iii. 322.
My Cathedral, iii. 288.
My Secret, vi. 337.
Nameless Grave, A, iii. 224.
Native Land, The, vi. 197.
Nature, iii. 227.
Night, iii. 290.
Oft have I seen at some cathedral door, iii. 147.
Old Age, vi. 350.
Old Bridge at Florence, The, iii. 226.
O Star of Morning and of Liberty! iii. 150.
Parker Cleaveland, iii. 231.
Poets, The, iii. 231.
Ponte Vecchio di Firenza, Il, iii. 227.
Possibilities, iii. 325.
President Garfield, iii. 321.
Quiet Life, A, vi. 333.
Return of Spring, The, vi. 302.
River Rhone, To the, iii. 233.
Saint John's, Cambridge, iii. 237.
Shadow, A, iii. 224.
Shakespeare, iii. 219.
Sleep, iii. 225.
Sound of the Sea, The, iii. 222.
Summer Day by the Sea, A, iii. 222.
Three Friends of Mine, iii. 215.

Three Silences of Molinos, The, iii. 233.
Tides, The, iii. 223.
To-Morrow, iii. 146.
To-Morrow, vi. 196.
Two Harvests, The, vi. 437.
Two Rivers, The, iii. 234.
Venice, iii. 230.
Victor and Vanquished, iii. 302.
Vittoria Colonna, To, vi. 351.
Wapentake, iii. 241.
Will ever the dear days come back again, vi. 331.
With Snow-white Veil and Garments as of Flame, iii. 149.
Woodstock Park, iii. 239.
Youth and Age, vi. 349.
Soul's Complaint against the Body, The, vi. 297.
Sound of the Sea, The, iii. 222.
Spanish Student, The, i. 113.
Spirit of Poetry, The, i. 45.
Spring, vi. 303.
Stars, The, vi. 447.
Statue over the Cathedral Door, The, vi. 280.
Stork, To the, vi. 362.
Summer Day by the Sea, A, iii. 222.
Sundown, iii. 309.
Sunrise on the Hills, i. 43.
Suspiria, i. 321.
Symbolum Apostolorum, v. 158.

Tales of a Wayside Inn, iv. 11.
Tegnér's Drapa, i. 316.
Tell me, tell me, thou pretty Bee, vi. 462.
Terrace of the Aigalades, On the, vi. 327.
Terrestrial Paradise, The, vi. 341.
Thanksgiving, i. 329.
Three Friends of Mine, iii. 215.
Three Kings, The, iii. 122.
Three Silences of Molinos, The, iii. 233.
Tide Rises, the Tide Falls, The, iii. 287.
Tides, The, iii. 223.
To a Child, i. 230.
To an Old Danish Song-Book, i. 249.
To Cardinal Richelieu, vi. 324.
To Ianthe, i. 328.
To Italy, vi. 347.
To-Morrow, iii. 146.
To-Morrow (Mañana), vi. 196.
To my Brooklet, vi. 329.
Torquemada, iv. 117.
To the Avon, iii. 320.
To the Driving Cloud, i. 243.
To the Forest of Gastine, vi. 452.
To the River Charles, i. 80.
To the River Rhone, iii. 234.
To the River Yvette, iii. 113.
To the Stork, vi. 362.
To William E. Channing, i. 101.
To Vittoria Colonna, vi. 351.
Translations, vi. 163.
Travels by the Fireside, iii. 85.
Twilight, i. 294.
Two Angels, The, iii. 28.
Two Harvests, The, vi. 437.
Two Locks of Hair, The, vi. 275.
Two Rivers, The, iii. 234.

Ultima Thule, iii. 263.

Venetian Gondolier, The, i. 336.
Venice, iii. 230.
Victor and Vanquished, iii. 302.
Victor Galbraith, iii. 37.
Vida de San Millan, vi. 204.
Village Blacksmith, The, i. 72.
Vire, vi. 456.
Virgil's First Eclogue, vi. 364.
Vittoria Colonna, iii. 109.
Vittoria Colonna, To, vi. 351.
Voices of the Night, i. 11.
Vox Populi, iii. 77.

Walter von der Vogelweid, i. 252.
Wanderer's Night-Songs, vi. 287.
Wapentake, iii. 241.

Warden of the Cinque Ports, The, iii. 21.
Warning, The, i. 111.
Wave, The, vi. 260.
Weariness, iii. 72.
White Czar, The, iii. 126.
Whither, vi. 263.
Will ever the dear days come back again, vi. 331.
Windmill, The, iii. 285.
Wind over the chimney, The, iii. 140.
Wine of Jurançon, The, vi. 334.
Witnesses, The, i. 108.
Woods in Winter, i. 40.
Woodstock Park, iii. 239.
Wraith in the Mist, A, iii. 122.
Wreck of the Hesperus, The, i. 69.

Youth and Age, vi. 349.

END OF VOLUME VI

24208

PS
2250
1904
vol. 6

LONGFELLOW, HENRY
POETICAL WORKS.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THE LIBRARY
COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, N. H.

Colby-Sawyer College Library
The complete writings of Henry Wadsworth
GEN PS2250 1904
Longfellow, Hen c.1 v.6
3 3469 00063 2362